

THE
Eclectic Review.

AUGUST, 1855.

- ART. I.—*Exposition Universelle de 1855. Explication des ouvrages de Peinture, Sculpture, Gravure, Lithographie et Architecture des Artistes vivant Étrangers et Français, exposés au Palais des Beaux-Arts, avenue Montaigne, le 15 Mai, 1855.* [Universal Exhibition of 1855. Explanation of the works of Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, Lithography, and Architecture of Living Artists, both French and foreign, exhibited at the Palace of the Fine Arts, Avenue Montaigne, the 15th of May, 1855]. *Paris: se trouve chez Panis, place de la Bourse, 10. Vinchon, imprimeur des Musées Impériaux, rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 8.*
2. *Exposition des produits de l'Industrie de toutes les Nations. Catalogue Officiel publié par ordre de la Commission Impériale.* [Exhibition of the Products of the Industry of All Nations. Official Catalogue published by order of the Imperial Commission.] *Paris: E. Panis, Éditeur, place de la Bourse, 10.*

THE opening of the French Universal Exhibition was judiciously postponed from the 1st to the 15th of May. The opening of the Palace of Industry on the 1st of May, and the experience of a fortnight of the weather which the Parisians have to endure at the period of the Red Moon, would have dispelled from the minds of many visitors the delusion derived from the smoky canopy of our great metropolis and the hardy assertions of our neighbours, that the climate of Paris is superior to the climate of London. As it was, and even on the 15th—

‘Heavily in clouds the morning lour’d,
Which ushered in the day, big with the fate’

of the great struggle of the world in the arts of peace. It was not until the 18th that a summer day enabled us to survey fairly the outside of the Palace of 1855, and compare it with the exterior of the Palace of 1851.

The Champs Elysées are one of the boasts of Paris. Standing with our backs towards the Tuileries, we see beyond the chesnut trees of the gardens, and the statues of careering horses in the Place de la Concorde, a broad and long avenue of rows of trees and mansions, ending in a magnificent and lofty triumphal arch. Not far from the Place de la Concorde, on the left hand side, is the Palace of Industry. It is a long white stone building, stuck full of windows. In the centre there is a lofty porch, above which are a number of figures in relief in the wall, too high up to be seen, and all are surmounted by a statue of a woman, with golden spikes issuing from her head, who is theatrically throwing wreaths with both hands. The French newspapers tell us she is France throwing crowns to the elect of genius.

The truth is, the building is a failure. There are three buildings, when there ought only to have been one, and none of them is handsome. The principal one is of the most commonplace conception, and the poverty of the conception is not redeemed by ornaments which seem to have been borrowed from the architects of bride's cakes. Conscious, apparently, of their architectural failure, the administration have tried to make up for it by placing a horticultural *parterre* before each wing of the Palace. A tank of water in play, sloping green grass, and an outer border of the brightest coloured flowers, may prevent the contemplation of a piece of architecture little creditable to French art or taste. There are, moreover, in front of the principal entrance, a couple of fantastic wooden boxes, where placards announce in French and English that they change money; and a couple of sheds with coloured slates in lozenge shapes, with boards in front saying they don't change money, in French, English, Italian, and German.

In 1851 Louis Napoleon promised the French an exhibition which would leave them nothing to envy in any other, and people remarked, Why, the President counts on being in power in 1855! and his friends pointed out for observation the respect with which he mentioned the Republic. The excuse of want of time cannot be alleged for the defects of the Palace of 1855. The rapidity with which the Palace of 1851 was erected was justly admired. Writers compared it to an exhalation, a vast crystal apparition, a glassy halcyon, one day a green sod and the next a palace of fairy land or of the 'Arabian Nights.' The use of glass was a novelty. The idea of a show of the products of the useful arts was a step of progress, towards the elevation and

amelioration of the lot of the populations of the world. Pictures are only luxuries of the rich, while the products of the useful arts are benefits for all. The Palace of 1855 falls off from all these merits. It is a stone building with a glass roof, and ministers to the rich in the most exclusive way. Inferior in architecture, and rapidity of execution, and in material, and, as a sign of popular progress, less in short of an expression industrial and social of the age, it remains to be seen whether it makes up by its contents and interior for such numerous and important inferiorities.

The exhibition of pictures is, while we write, the least incomplete of the shows, and certainly furnishes us with the best opportunity we have ever enjoyed of studying the different schools of art of the present day. Specimens are presented of the application of all the different principles of taste in the fine arts which are at present prevalent in the world. The French painters and sculptors of course occupy most space, yet the effect of the exhibition is fatal to the reputation which their self-laudations had imposed upon Europe. There is a marked contrast between the British and the continental styles of painting, and an equally obvious similarity between the whole of the painters of the continent. The competition in the fine arts is one of the British against the world.

In this race of merit, the French are nowhere. They not merely have no claims to comparison with the British, they have no claims to comparison with the painters of Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands. The inferiority is pitiful. They exhibit many landscapes like nothing on earth. They put on canvas many military uniforms, many corpses, many horrors, but they do not exhibit a single picture which is at once a work of genius and good taste. The French, in addition to their faults, we had almost said their crimes, against moral taste—the perversion of soul which leads them to expend their spasmodic force, false science, and ostentatious skill on subjects which are odious and painful in themselves—display great poverty of ideas. They repeat subjects and ideas as old as sin, as senile sin. There are pictures of what are called Bacchante, and Leda, repetitions of ancient pagan obscenities by a painter of the present day! Many a man has been marched through the streets of Paris between three soldiers, and sent to prison by a commissary of police, for the perpetration of less flagrant offences against public decency than are committed by this idealess artist. Surely there are enough of such things at the Louvre and Luxembourg and in a hundred other galleries, for which historical and antiquarian excuses may be pleaded, without the perpetration of new repetitions of the obscenities.

The persons uppermost for the hour at Paris unite in crying up M. Ingres as the first painter in Europe. He perhaps is entitled to the position in right of the decree of an infallible pope, and certainly the Jesuits labour to spread the doctrine with the zeal required by the vow of obedience. He has a room to himself in the Palace of the Fine Arts. He is a pupil of David; and received the first great prize at Rome for historical painting in the first year of the present century; and M. Ingres has been a member of the Institute of France since 1825. Yet in point of fact he never seems to have had an idea in his head; and his drawing displays gross ignorance of anatomy and physiology. He is a blind imitator of the old Italian masters. He does not display the knowledge even of scenic effect, of the melodramatic situations which the French derive from frequenting their theatres. He exhibits, for example, a Francesca da Rimini:

‘La bocca mi bacio tutto tremante,
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante,’

and his delineation consists of a silly-looking girl and lean plain youth, and a devilish-looking man drawing his sword behind a curtain to revenge the amatory liberty. The whole scene is worthy of a penny theatre. His historical portrait of Chérubini displays the Muse of music stretching forth her protecting hand above the head of the composer. We have said enough to indicate the originality and novelty of the design. The thing is very nearly a caricature, there is such good humour in the face of the composer, and such commonplace in the buxom beauty of the Muse. A portrait of the late M. Armand Bertin, editor of the ‘Journal des Debats,’ is the only picture which shows talent superior to pedantry, and almost equals some of the ordinary portraits by Mr. Pickersgill. It is really a life-like portrait, liable, however, to the criticism that it looks at a little distance like a face done in wax, and then cut off and stuck on canvas. The truth is, the Roman school of painting is one of the means of seduction of the Papacy, and the laudations of painters like M. Ingres is a *mot d'ordre* of priestcraft.

M. Vinchon, a native of Paris, and a pupil of Serangeli, obtained the first great prize at Rome in 1814. He displays the French knowledge of melodramatic situations and predilection for horrors. ‘Martyrs under the Emperor Diocletian’ exhibits three young sisters about to be burned alive for refusing to sacrifice to false gods. An ‘Episode in the History of Venice’ is a young lady, whose betrothed being suspected of a plot against the doge, was imprisoned on the eve of her marriage in the dungeon of the Tribunal of the Ten. After having been stripped of her clothes, and dressed in the robe of torture, and having passed her first

trial, she is threatened with the torture of fire if she persists in refusing to make revelations. The picture is as large as life, the details are minute, the legs of the bride are in wooden stocks, and her feet are over a large fire. 'The Voluntary Enrolments of the 22nd January, 1792,' is a large theatrical representation of the first scene of the last Gallic irruption, in which the French overran the Continent with conquest in their hearts and liberty on their flags. The incredible audacity with which the French falsify their history is manifested by the statement in the catalogue, 'The country is declared in danger.' At this date, all the world were only too desirous to be at peace with them, and they had not a single good pretext for quarrelling with anybody. The perverse taste of M. Vinchon induces him to exhibit a picture of Boissy-d'Anglas refusing to re-open the National Convention, of which he was president, although menaced by the ferocious crowd who have invaded the Assembly with the fate of his colleague Feraud, whose head has been cut off by a young girl named Aspasia Migelli in the Hall of Liberty. The gory clothes and head are held up on a pike, and a young officer falls under three wounds, amidst indescribable confusion.

The French taste for gaudy colours and horrid incidents spoils all their marine pieces. A native of the north-east coast of Scotland recognises with difficulty the scenes of his infancy when presented to him upon the gorgeous and fanciful canvas of M. Gudin. Peterhead and the 'Brig o' Balgownie' receive ornaments which are not improvements from the brush of the painter of the 'Quartier Beaujon.'

The truth is, the French are at present the worst painters in the world. It is, doubtless, disagreeable to adduce proofs of such a proposition; but it cannot be stated without an indication of the evidence in support of it, at a time when the Jesuit interest is ascendant in Europe, and repeats indefatigably their incessant self-laudations.

The real competition is between the British and the protestant and constitutional nations. We all remember how our court painters were beaten several years ago by a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden. Herr Winterhalter made his name known all the world over by surpassing all his numerous competitors in the portraiture of Queen Victoria. His treatment of the German features of the Queen was so true and beautiful that we can account for it only by supposing he must have been in his youth in love for years with a similar face. When the picture was exhibited at Colnaghi's, people came out exclaiming, 'A portrait of the Queen at last!' However, we do not find he has been equally successful with the French Emperor and Empress. He had to contend with greater complexity in the features of his

personages. The Scotch beauty of the Empress is spoilt by an air of astuteness and hardness almost unwomanly. There is a magnificent picture of her in a sylvan scene, surrounded by her maids of honour, without their bonnets, and all looking as charming as possible, as if each were resolved to become known to fame and go down to posterity only in her very best looks. The plan of the picture is based on a celebrated one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and this poverty of design is displeasing in a master of portraiture like Herr Winterhalter.

The papal nations, Spain, Portugal, the Pontifical States, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, Tuscany, Peru, and Mexico, display along with France the extinction of genius by the weight of authority. Their artists have, according to the expression of Sir Joshua Reynolds, lost nature without acquiring art. Robert Hall told a learned doctor he had heaped so many books upon his head, that his brains had not room to move freely, and the papal artists require to be told they have looked at the pictures of the ancient masters until they have become blinkers which hide from their eyes the pictures of nature and life. From the way the pictures are hung in the Palace of the Fine Arts, it is not always easy to distinguish to what nation a picture belongs; and the first three days we spent among them we took no note of nations or artists, remarking only the pictures as they struck us, pleasantly or disagreeably. We do not find we have jotted into our copy of the Catalogue a mark of admiration—!—opposite a single picture from any of the painters of the Papal nations. Michel Angelo and Raffaello Sanzio were distinguished by the daring which produces new and high excellence. They made Rome the best school of art; but their followers have made it the worst. Painting is expression by form and colour. A picture is a truth told or a sentiment expressed by the pencil. The very nature of painting abhors imitation—the imitation of imitation, the expression of expression. The orator has only a right to the attention of our ears when he has something to say, and the painter has only the right to the attention of our eyes when he has something to express. Every system of authority is a system of prejudice which entails imitation and mediocrity.*

The Belgians are strong in the fine arts. The Dutch and British influences, with a constitutional government, seem to have enabled them to triumph over the benumbing effects of the papacy. M. Louis Robbe, a native of Courtrai in West Flanders, has a picture entitled 'La Campine,' a landscape with cattle,

* An acquaintance of ours, after acquiring a fortune in commerce, travelled much upon the Continent collecting pictures. His taste never having been grounded in youth upon truth by a profound study of the fundamental principles of art, he fell of course into the fashionable cant about the ancient

which belongs to the Belgian government. The cows are like enough to tempt a milkmaid to milk them, and the water makes a spectator feel thirsty, while cows themselves might try to chew the grass. 'La Promenade' shows a young Abbé in the prime of life with a tottering old Abbé upon his arm, while across the corner of the corn-field passes, with elastic steps, another young man with a splendid young lady whom his arm clasps. The face of the young Abbé is highly intellectual and his bearing distinguished, but the expression of his countenance is not favourable to the celibacy of the clergy. Out of the British department, we have not seen any picture attract such groups as — 'Ce qu'on appelle le vagabondage'—What they call vagabondage—by M. Alfred Stevens, of Brussels. Three soldiers are marching through the streets on a wintry day a family who have seen better days, and who have been caught begging. The snow on the street and houses is like real snow. The mother, who has been arrested begging, has a child at the breast, and a weeping boy by her apron. She is stalking mechanically along in a state of stupefaction, and her husband, an intelligent man in the middle of life, looking prematurely old from misery, disease, cold, and famine, cripples along after them on crutches. A lady, smitten with compassion, holds out her purse to the stupified mother, and one of the soldiers tries to attract her attention to the benefaction, but she is insensible for the moment to external things, and the whole of the poor family are absorbed in their misery.

The Dutch, our ancient rivals on the sea, are our masters in the delineation of it. Mr. Tennant has exhibited a most beautiful picture of an 'English River,' and the 'French troops wading the Magra,' and 'Tilbury Fort,' by Mr. Stanfield, are certainly admirable pictures of river and sea scenery. Admitting there is room for two opinions on the subject, we confess, however, it appears to us certain they are surpassed in excellence by M. Louis Meyer in his 'Ship stranding upon the coast of England;' by M. Pierre Jean Schotel's 'Port and Harbour of Flushing;' and M. Antony Waldrop's 'View of a Port in Holland.' The Dutch

masters. He filled his house in Portman-place with pictures, which he persuaded himself he bought cheap in France, Italy, and Belgium, and which he regarded, not merely as ornaments to his mansion, but as shrewd investments of his money for the benefit of his heirs. When he died they were sold, and fetched much less than they cost. It was not merely that he had been taken in, and several of his costliest paintings found to be counterfeits, the pictures were comparatively worthless in themselves. This Mæcenas of the West-end was jealous of the genius living near him in time and place, and his ignorance and his jealousy made him commercially foolish, doing himself the very thing for which he despised artists and literary men,—that is, throwing away his money.

painters have a simplicity and truth when painting water which is not reached by any other painters in the Exhibition. They seem to know water more scientifically, and in consequence, to see it more poetically than their rivals. They are more submissive to nature. The beauty of their pictures grows out of their truth, and not from *à priori* conceptions in the minds of the artists. They have less of the *beau idéal* which is derived from the study of the old masters, and more of the ideal beauty which issues out of the study of reality. Most other artists, we fear, live in inland capitals, and visit the sea-side to get subjects for their pictures ; while the Dutch, we imagine, live by the sea, study it, know it, love it, and paint it because they can paint it truly. The Scotch fisher-people say they are born with the sea in their mouths, and the Dutch painters appear to be brought up with the sea upon their pallets.

There is no school more hardily and successfully true than the Dutch. They seem to try to copy anything which is real, feeling sure it will be beautiful if it is truthful. M. Pierre Kiers, of Amsterdam, for example, has three pictures to show the effect of the lamp, inside a Dutch house, on a painter in his workshop, and on a Dutch lady reading the Bible ; and M. Rosieres, of Dordrecht, has a picture entitled 'The effect of the lamp.' The Dutch painters of the day indeed seem to be vying with each other to show the effects of the light of the lamp on objects and persons, as physiologists study the effects of the sun in colouring the races and species of men and animals. The maritime Dutch, like many of our own seafaring people, fit up their sitting rooms to be as like as possible to the cabins of ships. The effect of their lamps within them upon the furniture and faces which surround their tables, is curious, and the domestic interest of the subject seems to have made it a popular one with the employers of their artists. They excel in showing the effects of the lamp as they excel in painting water. M. David Bles is a painter of a high order. His picture of the 'Young Housekeepers and the Old Aunt' is one of the most popular pictures in the Palace of the Fine Arts. The jealousy of the bad French artists has been called forth by it, and they have shown it in their usual way by scratching it ; a fate which menaces, if we may judge from what has passed before our eyes, some of the best British pictures. The aunt has come on a visit to the young couple, and finds them all in disorder, the furniture higgledy-piggledy, the baby asleep in the cradle, the husband asleep on a chair, and his wife asleep with her head on his shoulder. The aunt has penetrated into the room without awaking them ; two men are entering after her, and she is trying in vain to awaken them by playing

on their piano. All the faces are most expressive. The fair oval face of the wife, the shrewd, round, ruddy face of the moustachioed husband, the fat face of the baby, and the worn, wan, and exigent face of the model aunt in black, are most excellent. We feel as if we should know the family if we met them at the Hague. Judging from this exhibition, our artists have nothing to learn in Paris, Madrid, or Rome, but the most distinguished of them might pick up some lessons in Amsterdam. The successors of Jan Steen, Teniers, and Rembrandt, of the limited but true Dutch school, maintain still some of the superiorities of their forefathers.

The papacy prevents the taste of the nations subdued by it. Individual minds which escape from its idolatry and superstition into deism do not thereby escape its perversions of the judgment, on whatever subjects it may be employed, for the system appeals to the fancy and weakens the judgment, which when employed on questions of morals is called conscience, and when occupied with questions of beauty is called taste. Austria is a papal power, and all the heterogeneous nations subjected to the house of Hapsburg are liable to the remark we made against France; they scarcely display a single work of painting or sculpture, which is at once a *chef-d'œuvre* of genius and taste. The statue of the Bride of the Song of Solomon, by Signor Motelli, of Milan, is wonderful for the power with which he makes marble expressive of passion. Artists of his sort, however, ought to be reminded that there is a struggle between right and wrong in every heart, every life, and every home, and by siding with wrong in stimulating what requires regulation, he acts the part of a personal enemy to mankind. A French picture of 'Memory' shows an old man seated by his cottage fire, and seeing in the ascending smoke visions of the scenes of his past life. The idea is more suitable for a poem than a picture. Moreover, the number of women and babes among his victims, one woman especially, with a stab on her breast, and a dying babe in her arms, suggests that the scene ought to have been laid in a condemned cell. Wherever artists are placed in circumstances which are unfavourable to the growth of the intellect and health of the conscience, they will produce sculptures and pictures which are corrupt in point of taste.

Switzerland holds an honourable rank in the fine arts. The portraits on enamel of M. Baud, of Geneva, show he has studied the works of Bone with great advantage. M. Louis Grosclaude is a very distinguished painter. 'Les petites sœurs de lait,' or foster sisters, is one of the most pleasing pictures we have ever seen. It is just made up of two happy children, with eyes beaming forth their perfect health and joy. Critics growing old and

weary of the world rejoice to be reminded there are moments in which life is so well worth having, and artists at the height of fame reaping joys from art sweeter still than the smiles of infancy. 'La tireuse de cartes,' or Fortune-teller by cards, and 'Les bulles de savon'—the Soap-bubbles—are very well done, but the subjects are hackneyed, and artists and authors never can be too deeply impressed with the truth that freshness is as important in pictures, sculptures, and literature as in eggs. But the truth is, on the Continent, and partly elsewhere, wherever governments interfere as promoters of art by giving prizes, pensions, and places, imitation, alway easier, becomes more profitable than invention, and men capable of originality fall into mediocrity.

The instinct of all governments leads them to prefer imitation to invention, because they live in routine, and dread innovation. We think we see, by the way, in 'La Fenaïson' (Auvergne), or Haymaking, by Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, a young French painter of great promise, an example of this malign influence which has taken place under our eyes. Her 'Marché aux Chevaux,' or Horse Market, exhibited some years ago, was an admirable picture; the result of the study of reality. It had the stamp of its epoch, and of life in Paris, upon it. Meanwhile the imperial government, which for the moment holds France in an iron grasp, have been carping at the study of reality, and recommending the study of the old masters in writing and painting, and this young lady exhibits this year a picture of Hay-gathering, consisting of oxen drawing a cart laden with hay and hay-makers, which is an admirable painting certainly, but on a subject which has been done and used up for centuries. The minister of state, M. Achille Fould, in obedience to his imperial master, directed the attention of writers and artists in 1853 to the ages of Pericles and Leo X. for the arts, and Augustus and Louis XIV. for letters. Like almost all advice, it smacks more of the interest of the adviser than of the advised, and serves the interest rather of the despot than of authors and of painters. When a government has such power as every French dictator has successfully wielded, it can crush genius itself into mediocrity.

M. Henry Schlesinger exhibits several paintings which we have examined with much pleasure. He is a native of Frankfurt upon the Main. 'Les Préférences' is a brilliant picture of a somewhat fantastic lady giving sugar to her favourite parrots, cats, and lapdogs. 'La chasse aux papillons,'—or Butterfly-catching—is a bevy of young ladies in a garden, some with parasols, and some with green gauze nets, trying to catch a little yellow and black spotted butterfly, which has alighted on a flower. The

picture would be a very charming one if the ladies were less richly and more simply dressed, with some protection on their heads against the sun, and if they did not look such pretty fools. But we much prefer to all his other pictures 'La Penitente.' This is a little girl of six or seven years old, who is confined in an empty garret on bread and water, with her lesson book which she has culpably neglected. Every detail in this picture is admirably done: the brown earthenware mug out of which she is to drink her penitential water, the morsel of dry bread, of which she has munched very little, and her repentant face, on which we read at once that she is sorry for her fault, and that she will one day be a beautiful woman.

Genius seems to have been crushed out of Prussia by the jesuitical despotism of the recent and the actual king. We have passed the pictures and sculptures in review in the Prussian department five or six times, and do not find in our catalogue more than one mark of admiration. This is opposite a model in plaster of the monument of Frederick the Great at Berlin, by Chrétien Rauch. Judging from the model, we should deem the original monument the finest in the world. Everybody knows how difficult we have found it to honour in the monumental way the popular heroes of this island. Sir Walter Scott is not badly lodged in an open Gothic tower in Princes-street, Edinburgh. Robert Burns, however, is located in a Grecian temple near the Brig o' Doun. Nelson is mastheaded in Trafalgar-square. Wellington is riding on horseback on the top of a Grecian arch on Constitution Hill, and doubtless would blush if he could at the sight of the Achilles erected in his honour by the ladies of Great Britain. The first Bonaparte caused three monuments to be erected in honour of himself in Paris, in the Place Vendôme, the Place du Carrousel, and at the Barrière de l'Etoile; and now there is a fourth in the Hôtel des Invalides. A strange feeling of pity comes over the observer when he witnesses such numerous souvenirs erected by a people in memory of a war in which they endured such bitter humiliations. The French have two triumphal arches, and their enemies made two triumphal entries. The figures on these monuments are too elevated to be seen, and too classical to be intelligible. The Prussian Rauch has been more sensible and successful in his monument to Frederick the Great. It is a square erection, with a platform surrounding it, surmounted by an equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. The platform is occupied by equestrian statues of the most illustrious of his associates in arms. The groups are picturesque, the costume is true to the period, the effects are pleasing and surprising, and best of all the figures can be seen, which is a happy result of

genius and of good sense. We applaud this Prussian production immensely.

Bavaria has produced several beautiful landscapes. We find we have admired a moonlight landscape in Norway, by M. Baude, of Munich, and the Lake of Koenigsec in Bavaria, by M. Zimmerman. This last is full of the feeling inspired by the solitary study of mountain lakes. We caught ourselves in a dreamy contemplation of the picture, wondering what botanical and zoological specimens we would find by spending a day in the Lake of Koenigsec. It is doubtless a capital place for observing the transformations of batrachian and insect life.

There are faults in the taste of all nations. We used to think the British inferior to the French and Belgians in the charms of grace and elegance, and guilty beyond all other nations of vulgarity. The British we now deem the least imperfect in regard to taste of all the nations of the world. They have no doubt a peculiar vulgarity which the Americans exaggerate, and hence the saying of an Austrian lady—'*Oui, les Americains sont odieux, ils sont les Anglais exagérés.*' This vulgarity is a national fault. When a successful digger, in a shop in Melbourne, demands a dress for his wife, saying, '*Ma missus was married in a cotton gownd, but noo she shall have a real gold 'un,*' no one is at a loss to perceive the vulgarity of purse-proud ostentation. But it is just as conspicuous in the picture painted by Mr. Grant, and owned by the Earl of Chesterfield, of the meeting for the Ascot Hunt, of noblemen and gentlemen who have had themselves drawn in red coats and on fine horses, because they can afford it. Grant, Hayter, Leslie, or Landseer, try it as they may, cannot redeem such pictures from their inherent and national vulgarity. Great dignitaries, who have themselves painted in their orders when they are unnecessary for the business of the scene, place themselves among the vulgar. Some of these personages remind one of the German Duke who, being disgusted at the equality which shows itself among the bathers in the mud baths at Wiesbaden, had a tin case made for his orders that he never might bathe without being distinguished by them. However, if it is any comfort, the British have plenty of companions in vulgarity. The Queen of Spain surpasses all rivals. Not merely has she had portraits painted of herself and husband, her friends and children, there are representations of the nurse of her daughter in several costumes, and an apotheosis of her son! She can afford it, and her boy shall have an apotheosis on canvas. There is a French picture of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, which is a curious satire in 1855 on the persons who figure in it, for never probably did nine hundred clever men combine less common sense. But they were

just the men to have their portraits taken. They were the elect of the people, they made fine speeches, and they admired themselves; and Prince Napoleon, who presides over the Exhibition, consents to the display of their likenesses amassed on canvas. Vanity displayed unworthily and needlessly by the temporary possessors of fine horses and red coats, or of blue and red ribbons bearing stars, or of the sashes of representatives, the display of purse or position unnecessarily, is always, in the cottage or the palace, on the turf or in the senate, the offensive thing called vulgarity. To bring out our meaning: in St. James's Palace, the picture of Nelson in the simple costume of a captain of the navy, the thin, worn, wiry, wild, grey, fearless man, is a portraiture of grandeur; and the picture of George, Prince Regent, in his splendid robes and orders, the fat, puffy, pompous, ostentatious, worthless man, is a portraiture of vulgarity.

The vulgarity of a people is a sign of deep things in their character. The moneyed vulgarity of England and the United States is displayed by countries in which a man is called 'good' according to his wealth, and everything is bought and sold. The vulgarity of *éclat* of the French is displayed by a people who measure worth by force, noise, and tomfoolery. The vulgarity of a queen who deifies her boy indicates the degradation of a nation besotted in the despotism and superstition of the papacy.

British artists show vulgarity chiefly under the pressure of oligarchical influences. But their art is, we fear, to several of them, only a beautiful trade. Sir William Ross and Mr. Thornburn, we should fancy, must estimate their worth by their annual guineas. The wealthy persons whose vanity they please ought to pay them well, for they sell admirable gifts for gold; and the sovereigns in their *rouleaux* and the coronets on the carriages at their doors must be their pay, and not the celebrity given by critics. They exhibit to the critic exquisite likenesses of persons who may be black, brown, or fair for aught he cares; and must clink their gold when the representative of the public interest passes them by with pity. However, it is only just to say they are not equalled in their line by any miniature portrait painters in the palace.

It is the desire to ascend to a nobler region, doubtless, which suggests the pictures of Mr. J. R. Herbert, 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia,' and 'Saint John the Baptist before Herod.' A lovelier, worthier, or more graceful portraiture of female beauty, moral and physical, we have never seen than his delineation of Cordelia. Conscious only of the moral impossibility in which she is placed of saying anything but what she has said, she hears her disinheritance calmly, and nothing betrays the pang she suffers

genius and of good sense. We applaud this Prussian production immensely.

Bavaria has produced several beautiful landscapes. We find we have admired a moonlight landscape in Norway, by M. Baude, of Munich, and the Lake of Kœnigsec in Bavaria, by M. Zimmerman. This last is full of the feeling inspired by the solitary study of mountain lakes. We caught ourselves in a dreamy contemplation of the picture, wondering what botanical and zoological specimens we would find by spending a day in the Lake of Kœnigsec. It is doubtless a capital place for observing the transformations of batrachian and insect life.

There are faults in the taste of all nations. We used to think the British inferior to the French and Belgians in the charms of grace and elegance, and guilty beyond all other nations of vulgarity. The British we now deem the least imperfect in regard to taste of all the nations of the world. They have no doubt a peculiar vulgarity which the Americans exaggerate, and hence the saying of an Austrian lady—'Oui, les Américains sont odieux, ils sont les Anglais exagérés.' This vulgarity is a national fault. When a successful digger, in a shop in Melbourne, demands a dress for his wife, saying, 'Ma missus was married in a cotton gown, but noo she shall have a real gold 'un,' no one is at a loss to perceive the vulgarity of purse-proud ostentation. But it is just as conspicuous in the picture painted by Mr. Grant, and owned by the Earl of Chesterfield, of the meeting for the Ascot Hunt, of noblemen and gentlemen who have had themselves drawn in red coats and on fine horses, because they can afford it. Grant, Hayter, Leslie, or Landseer, try it as they may, cannot redeem such pictures from their inherent and national vulgarity. Great dignitaries, who have themselves painted in their orders when they are unnecessary for the business of the scene, place themselves among the vulgar. Some of these personages remind one of the German Duke who, being disgusted at the equality which shows itself among the bathers in the mud baths at Wiesbaden, had a tin case made for his orders that he never might bathe without being distinguished by them. However, if it is any comfort, the British have plenty of companions in vulgarity. The Queen of Spain surpasses all rivals. Not merely has she had portraits painted of herself and husband, her friends and children, there are representations of the nurse of her daughter in several costumes, and an apotheosis of her son! She can afford it, and her boy shall have an apotheosis on canvas. There is a French picture of the Constituent Assembly of 1848, which is a curious satire in 1855 on the persons who figure in it, for never probably did nine hundred clever men combine less common sense. But they were

just the men to have their portraits taken. They were the elect of the people, they made fine speeches, and they admired themselves ; and Prince Napoleon, who presides over the Exhibition, consents to the display of their likenesses amassed on canvas. Vanity displayed unworthily and needlessly by the temporary possessors of fine horses and red coats, or of blue and red ribbons bearing stars, or of the sashes of representatives, the display of purse or position unnecessarily, is always, in the cottage or the palace, on the turf or in the senate, the offensive thing called vulgarity. To bring out our meaning : in St. James's Palace, the picture of Nelson in the simple costume of a captain of the navy, the thin, worn, wiry, wild, grey, fearless man, is a portraiture of grandeur ; and the picture of George, Prince Regent, in his splendid robes and orders, the fat, puffy, pompous, ostentatious, worthless man, is a portraiture of vulgarity.

The vulgarity of a people is a sign of deep things in their character. The moneyed vulgarity of England and the United States is displayed by countries in which a man is called 'good' according to his wealth, and everything is bought and sold. The vulgarity of *éclat* of the French is displayed by a people who measure worth by force, noise, and tomfoolery. The vulgarity of a queen who deifies her boy indicates the degradation of a nation besotted in the despotism and superstition of the papacy.

British artists show vulgarity chiefly under the pressure of oligarchical influences. But their art is, we fear, to several of them, only a beautiful trade. Sir William Ross and Mr. Thorburn, we should fancy, must estimate their worth by their annual guineas. The wealthy persons whose vanity they please ought to pay them well, for they sell admirable gifts for gold ; and the sovereigns in their *rouleaux* and the coronets on the carriages at their doors must be their pay, and not the celebrity given by critics. They exhibit to the critic exquisite likenesses of persons who may be black, brown, or fair for aught he cares ; and must clink their gold when the representative of the public interest passes them by with pity. However, it is only just to say they are not equalled in their line by any miniature portrait painters in the palace.

It is the desire to ascend to a nobler region, doubtless, which suggests the pictures of Mr. J. R. Herbert, 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia,' and 'Saint John the Baptist before Herod.' A lovelier, worthier, or more graceful portraiture of female beauty, moral and physical, we have never seen than his delineation of Cordelia. Conscious only of the moral impossibility in which she is placed of saying anything but what she has said, she hears her disinheritance calmly, and nothing betrays the pang she suffers

when ejected from the heart of her father, but the convulsive clasp of her thin little hands. The scene is dramatic without being theatrical. Lear and the other figures are less successful. Mr. Herbert would have been happier in the Lear if he had thought more of the business-like way in which men of a certain age express their injustice, and less of how Macready acted the part, or of how a Raffael would have painted it. 'John the Baptist before Herod' is a great picture. It is beyond comparison the finest picture on a sacred subject in the Exhibition. 'For John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife.' The words have just made Herod shiver upon his throne, and Herodias start up from his side, her eyes flashing assassination. Admirably as this expression is given, there is something in it which makes us believe it is drawn from imagination instead of observation. Mr. Herbert has probably never seen it in reality. We have. Circumstances have given us opportunities of studying the expression and witnessing the flashes of the eyes of two of the most cruel murderesses in Europe in our time—we had glimpses of one of them at her work; and we saw the countenances of the soldiery who, under General Canrobert, perpetrated the massacre upon the Boulevards of Paris on the 4th of December, 1851. Artists who wish to see the flash of assassination, can have it at will by rousing a rattlesnake in any collection of reptiles. The supercilious cowardice of Herod is expressively rendered. John the Baptist is grand. His Maker speaks by him. He knows as well that he incurs death as that he is rebuking sin. Most powerfully does the young, lean, sublime figure announce the prophet of the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. No man can study these pictures without wishing to live nearer than ever to Eternal Justice all his life after.

Sir C. L. Eastlake's 'Pilgrims in sight of Rome' is a picture which inspires less admiration on renewed inspection than it did when it first appeared. The devotion is well done, but mind is wanting there. The attitudes of kneeling and kissing the ground comport ill with the intellectual elevation of protestantism, and pilgrimage itself is a sentimental part of a system of authority.

Great subjects are not needed to make great pictures. Mr. Ward, whose fame rests upon his 'Dr. Johnson waiting in the antechamber of Lord Chesterfield,' has a couple of large historical pictures in the Palace—'The last sleep of Argyll,' and 'The execution of Montrose.' The head of Argyll is a very fine one. His tranquil sleep is grand. There is historical truth, also, in the gorgeous ostentation of the death of Montrose. The dashing fanatic of royalism, unscrupulous enough to allow his agents to assassinate Dr. Dorislaus at the Hague, and vain

enough to flaunt it from court to court on the continent as the hero of the forlorn hope of a beheaded monarchy, the Marquis of Montrose died characteristically in fine clothes and fine feathers. These pictures have undoubtedly great merits, yet the 'South Sea Bubble' is a much better picture. Generally speaking, all historical and biographical painting is dangerous for painters. They stand when painting such pictures upon a scaffolding of ice. The facts they assume to be true, on some authority they trust, may be proved to be untrue. Nearly all the pictures hitherto painted, for example, on the scenes of the life of Oliver Cromwell, along with innumerable plays and novels, have during the last twenty years been proved to be illustrations of falsehood. A Mr. Lucy has had two pictures admitted into the exhibition probably because the falsehoods they illustrate are acceptable to the powers that be, 'Cromwell at the death-bed of his daughter;' and 'Cromwell taking the resolution to refuse the Crown.' Mr. Lucy conceives Cromwell to have been a man with the face of a highwayman. It was the peculiarity, the idiosyncrasy of Cromwell, to care for nothing but religious liberty. The crown, he said, was a cap with a feather, and while he had the cap, he did not care for the feather. As for kingship, one of his first sayings was, he would as soon fire into the breast of the king as into the breast of any other man; yet he did not mistake his time, and saw truly and said openly that something in the nature of kingly government was necessary to the stability of religious liberty. A more preposterous story could not be imagined than to suppose his dying daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, rebuked him. He was adored by his family. We ourselves have repeatedly heard the last accents of this family love and praise from the last direct descendant of his eldest son. Another painter, whose name we cannot remember, has a picture of the puritan soldiers puffing smoke into the face of their prisoner, Charles I. Was there a man in the army who smoked? How long is it since common troopers could afford to buy tobacco? The historic romances of rhetorical historians impose upon painters, who in turn convey the falsehoods to fribbles of both sexes until kindly oblivion covers the stories, the pictures, and their painters.

Still worse than these historical fictions on canvas are pictures which show that nations glory in their shame. Spain exerts her whole pictorial skill on her bull-fights. France glories in her attempts at conquest; and if most of her painters describe her truly, her moral sublime is brigandage. But the crowning picture of this kind is the American Healy's large picture of Franklin pleading the cause of the American colonies before Louis XVI. We can well imagine the pleasure with which the

Bonapartists see this picture, which records the treacherous violation of all the moralities, and all the laws of nations, of which the French under the Bourbons were guilty, when, while at peace with Great Britain, they supplied the colonists with arms and money, and secured the success of their rebellion. Thomas Paine refused to vote for the death of Louis XVI. because he was the founder of the republic of the United States.

Painters who paint good portraits of public personages establish solid claims to fame. Photography is evidently increasing the truth of portraits. When, however, a really good painter has devoted himself to represent his subject, he has always succeeded in a way photography has not yet surpassed. Nasmyth's portrait of Robert Burns, which a friend of his said was exactly Burns as if seen through a reversed telescope, conveys such a knowledge of his appearance to the student of it, that he feels ever after as if he had seen him somewhere. Louis Cranach's Martin Luther, enables us to say of the Reformer—'We knew him by sight.' Whoever has not seen Mr. Samuel Rogers, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Lord John Russell, and Signor Lablache, has only to study Mr. Carrick's miniatures of them upon marble to feel as if he had seen them. Professor Wilson is placed on canvas by Sir Watson Gordon with such reality, that an acquaintance is reminded by it of the last conversation he had with him. He has the same look as when he had stated his opinion, and was listening to yours. The Dr. Wardlaw of Mr. Macnee is thinking, and looked, as he is painted, when penetrating his subject with his clear Scottish intelligence. Mr. Thomas Carlyle is painted by Mr. Carrick as he looks when people try to look into him. The type of a Dumfriesshire peasant may not be your previous conception of him, yet the Scottish borderer who cannot now give scope to his wild impulses in a foray into England, whose steel is a pen, is the root of the man, and his style is the Dumfriesshire idiom coloured into grotesque splendour after Goethe and Richter.

Truth is the *a* and the *z* of all rules in art. We have watched the impulsive groups of all nations in the Palace of the Fine Arts, and as surely as we found a picture had the power of attracting a series of groups around it, we were certain to find a touch of nature in it. Mr. Webster's 'Game at Foot-ball' has occasioned continual collections of spectators. The humours of the game are faithfully seized and rendered; and boys are boys in France and Germany as they are on the village greens of England. The chœur of the village church is another picture of life made popular and pleasant by truth. A musician might tell the amount of the knowledge of music possessed by each performer from the expression of his face. Mr. John Phillips's

'Presbyterian Baptism' has attracted great notice, and would have been more admired if not hung like Leslie's 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield' in a light, which, in the height of the day, makes the excessive amount of white colour disagreeable. Mr. Frank Stone's 'Last Appeal' and 'Old, old Story,' have the merit and the suggestiveness of reality. His 'Remonstrance' is not so intelligible, or we have been too dull to catch its meaning from the height at which it is hung. Study of art is often perversion in taste. May we be pardoned for saying we have derived more pleasure from Outrim's engraving of Leslie's 'Rustic Civility' than from all the five expensive paintings Mr. Leslie has sent to the Palace. 'Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman,' however, is capital. The mental blindness which prevents Uncle Toby from seeing what is plainly enough to be seen in the eyes of the widow is exquisite. If the song had been written at the time, she might have enlightened him by singing—

Think wi yersel, *Toby*, wha ye hae need o',

Ye may de waur than tak up wi' the widow.

The Parisians have been captivated by Mr. Frith's picture of 'Pope courting Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.' It is itself as smart as a French epigram. An old gentleman, who fancies wit will suffice for the want of youth when soliciting the favour of a brilliant young beauty, plays a ridiculous part, which is seized by the Parisians at a glance. Lady Mary is flattered and amused by his homage. Her vanity laughs at him with delight. Pope is perspicacious enough to see he is ridiculous, yet wilful enough to resolve to fool it to the end. The picture is delicious to Parisian malice.

Two British artists have produced such a sensation in Paris, that we feel sure they have given an impulse to a revolution in French taste. From this time henceforth there will be in France emulators of Landseer and Mulready. Rage and rapture are the opposite terms, equally complimentary, in which the French speak of them; the artists of the old school expressing the wrath and the public the delight. We have seen groups of French artists with such envy in their minute criticisms, that we have trembled to see their nails flourishing near the pictures, and they have been followed by groups of the public whose eyes have sparkled with joy while exclaiming, 'Delicious!' 'Delicious!' 'Ah! that is genius!'

Sir Edwin Landseer shows as much genius in painting animals as ever any ancient master did in delineating sacred personages. Landseer loves mountains, animals, Highlanders, nature, reality, truth. Like all original men, many persons cannot see him when they look at him. Landseer is the Buffon of painters; and the painter with colours has, we think, a more profound zoological

philosophy guiding his hand than had the painter with language. Dogs, parrots, monkeys, donkeys, and horses are delineated by him with as much genius on canvas as ever was expended on their description on paper. In his 'Islay and Macaw' how admirably does he express the zoological psychology of the old parrot with the morsel of bread, of the young parrots looking for protection to their mother, of the begging dog, and the dog chewing the feather. Insight cannot but be ideal. This truth is still more obvious in his 'Dogs beside a fire.' We despair of being able by our prosaic words to convey an idea of the poetry of this common-looking little picture. There is nothing but dogs and a fire, and yet the picture gives pleasure. 'The Tethered Ram' is another picture, which rewards study by the admirable rendering of the expression of the face of the ram. The picture of the 'Brazilian Monkeys' is made exquisite by the feeling of reality. The 'Smithy' consists of a horse, a blacksmith, a donkey, and a dog, and from its perfect truth it is more ideal than any picture we have ever seen of angels and virtues. His 'Highland Drovers leaving for the South' has been censured for the prominence he gives to the leg of the drover with his baby in his arms. It is nevertheless a physiological fact of great value that similar locomotive machines have often in former days carried men over a hundred miles in four-and-twenty hours. Nobody who reads English, and has not neglected the print-sellers' windows, needs any description of Landseer's pictures. We are passing them by with the expression of a remark or sentiment, and we are not describing them. There are minds to whom the 'Highland Breakfast' appears coarse, and all we say is—the worse for them, for they suffer from a nasty disease which they call 'refinement,' and the lacteal system seems to them coarse, because they themselves are unwholesome. 'Jack en faction'—Jack as sentry, which is delightful to the observer of London life, is lost upon the Parisians, benightedly ignorant as they are of the knowledge which surround the dog's-meat man and his barrow. The 'Sanctuary' is one of the greatest pictures of modern times. A deer distressed by the hounds takes to the water, and disturbs the wild ducks among the water flags and rushes, in a solitary lake among the mountains; and the poor deer is alone with the Fear of Death!

Mr. Mulready has had still greater success with the French than Sir Edwin Landseer. His pictures are more appreciable. But we have heard French artists maintain, in the teeth of the catalogue however, that there were two Mulreadys. This is the compliment he gains by painting in his different styles. The courage, the perseverance, the resolution to avoid repeating himself, which produces such different pictures, is doubtless commendable. But

he is far from equally successful in his different styles. His 'Bathers' is no doubt a beautiful picture on a hackneyed subject; 'Blackheath Park' is an exquisite little landscape; and 'The Discussion upon the principles of Dr. Whiston' is most admirable, from the expression of the countenances. But they are far surpassed by the 'Butt,' the 'Cannon,' the 'Brother and Sister,' and the 'Wolf and the Lamb.' 'The Butt,' the 'Cannon,' and the 'Brother and Sister,' are three delightful comic pictures from life. The boys, in the 'Butt,' one of whom is knuckling a raspberry into the mouth of the other, whose eyes are shut, gives a pleasure superior to what we derived from the 'Beggar Boys,' and we had almost said the 'Flower Girl' of Murillo. The picture of the boys firing a cannon is full of reality. 'Put a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' represents a little boy put forward by his lady relatives to give money to some gipsies encamped in a lane. 'The Wolf and the Lamb' is Mulready's masterpiece. The wolf is a ferocious boy about to assault with blows and kicks a gentle orphan who has lost his father, who is returning from school, and who clings to his books and avoids the combat, not from cowardice, but from respect for the position he is in, and the injunctions of his mother. A little girl has called the attention of an elderly lady to the scene, whose dry hand it is to be hoped will teach the wolf a lesson. No picture we have ever seen inspires a similar contempt for the insolence of brute force. Landseer's 'Sanctuary' and Mulready's 'Wolf and Lamb' may be cited as the pictures which best represent the British School of Art in the Palace of the Fine Arts.

But the Palace of Industry? We reply we have searched it for something to say, and have found nothing in it. The effluvia of paint-pots, the noise of hammers, and planks menacing the head with knocks, may have prevented us from seeing the signs of progress it presents. When it is finished it may show signs of improvement in the industrial arts at present undiscoverable. But while we write, this is how the fact stands; in November, 1851, Louis Napoleon promised the French an exhibition surpassing every other, and he seized the wealth and force of France to wield at will; and in June, 1855, he was storming with rage in an unfinished erection, where everything seems higgledy-piggledy, an acknowledged and derisory failure.

ART. II.—*The Hero's Canticle, and other Poems.* By Robert Fletcher.
Jackson & Walford.

2. *Within and Without : a Dramatic Poem.* By George MacDonald.
Longman & Co.

No feature in the present revival of poetry is more cheering than its obvious aim to deal with man primarily in his connexion with the SOURCE of all being, and to find in this first great relation the key to his collateral ones with his fellows and with the world of circumstance. This aim is distinctly revealed throughout Mr. Fletcher's volume, and even where he treats of humanity in its social and political aspects rather than in such as are directly religious, it is evident that the faith of the Christian has ennobled and inspired the feelings of the citizen.

So much for the spirit of his book. As to its poetry, it is the author's own fault if there be two opinions about it. That he possesses imagination, and a keen sense of beauty, both moral and material, we have abundant proof. But his defects are serious. His verse—sometimes melodious—is often rude and unmetrical. The poet seems to think all vehicles equally suitable that will transport us into the region of his fancy. For our part, we confess to a choice in the matter. Whatever the beauty of the ideal landscape, we would rather not *jolt* through it. We decline to feast our eyes at the risk of dislocation, and reject all overtures for an excursion through Tempe, if Pegasus is to be harnessed to a cart. Mr. Fletcher tells us in his preface that his metre is accentual not syllabic; but we put it to him whether by either process the dew of melody can be exhaled from such flinty lines as these?

‘They made the tyrants feel in spite of all their steel,
They prepared for a kingdom called man's common-weal.’
‘Of Egypt and the baffling Turk,
Of all his king-making and unmaking work.’
‘And we mourn as he mourned for Peel,
No two such servants ever served this common-weal.’

Nor is it simply in the frequent harshness of his verse that the random impulses of our author are apparent. In many cases he passes from emotion to emotion, from assumption to conclusion, without indicating that plain path of logical sequence upon which the reader *must* travel, even if the poet can dispense with it. It should be unnecessary now to state that Reason—although operating in a higher sphere, arrayed in a fairer garb, and directed by a nobler impulse in the world of Imagination than in that of Fact—is as essential to the former as to the latter. If

Mr. Fletcher's neglect of the faculty arise from accident or carelessness, a warning will suffice ; but if it be another assertion of a heresy increasing, we fear, amongst our new poets—that they are to be understood only by 'chosen' readers, and through the medium of mystic affinities which scorn the common methods of intellectual appeal—no rebuke can be too strong. If it be true that no very great poetry was ever *immediately* popular—at least not for its best qualities—and that the general mind can but gradually rise to the true estimate of noble works, it must still be held that the very existence of the difficulty demands the aid that should meet it. The speaker who feels that the world is a tyro in his language, should at all events *pronounce it distinctly*, and take care that, where his clearest utterance of the imaginative tongue may be mistaken, he do not complicate the hardship by adopting its rarest dialect. In some quarters it would seem fast growing into a creed, that plain motive and lucid development rob art of its dignity. The bards of old spoke to nations. The seers of our day eschew the crowd. Their mission they hold to be esoteric. They appeal to the initiated, and are to be interpreted only by a sort of free-masonic sympathy. They are as mysterious as a Cabinet, and transact the diplomacy of Parnassus amongst themselves. They write intellectual cipher, and feel that they have secrets. Unfortunately the world is apt to feel so too, and with a well-bred irony declines to pry into them.

But every critical abatement made from Mr. Fletcher's poetry, we must admit a large residue of undoubted beauty. The leading poem in this volume, the 'Hero's Canticle,' is divided into two parts, and narrates, with picturesque vigour and conciseness, the principal events in the Great Duke's career ; including, moreover, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the general state of Europe at the period. The narrative is at once relieved and applied by many pregnant reflections to which it gives birth. These touch chiefly upon the world's providential government generally ; the proofs of it in special instances like that of Wellington ; the subordination of strife and wrong to human progress, and the advent of that better kingdom for which the wrath of man may indeed prepare, but which it can never establish. What life, picture, and music, Mr. Fletcher can give to his verse when he pleases, may be learned from the following extracts. The first is from the lament of India.

The Warrior's hand is cold—
'Tis now no more than common mould :
His eagle eye no more shall see
Each meteor-stream unfold,

As in his fervid youth, so wise and bold,
 He helped to plant it on the Hold
 Of TIPPOO on the CAVERY!
 While from the Thousand Garrisons
 Of that indomitable Host,
 From Sea to Sea, and Coast to Coast,
 Boom o'er these Realms, the Minute-guns—
 And with muffled Drums,
 The Music comes
 From Trumpets, Gongs, and Clarions—
 Sad and slow as the Tidal flow,
 When Bengal's Waves by Midnight go,
 And the Moon mixeth her pale beams so,
 With the ruby wrecks of the red Sun's glow,
 That the sleeping darkness wakes,
 And as one Surge of light outbreaks,—
 The while its mighty breast upheaving,
 Mounts to the Glory it is receiving;
 Such Glory is there in Their grieving!
 And Hearts full of the Warrior's glow,
 With a rush and a burst of proudest woe,
 Bow, only where all must bow!—pp. 12, 13.

The second division of this poem, suggested by the events of the first, is a sort of moral upon the mystery of death; upon the transiency of all individual greatness, as contrasted with the permanence of Nature and the stereotyped forms of life; and upon the faith which by unveiling the future explains the present. We do not know that the pathos and the awe which belong to man's finite condition have ever found a nobler or more graphic expression than in the lines which succeed. Man, begirt by the infinite and unseen, treads for a brief while this mortal stage, enacts deeds or utters words which change the fate or thrill the hearts of his kind, makes himself a centre for homage, devotion, and wild love, and with the plaudits of the world in his ear, with its passionate desires twined round him—fades from the scene. From *this point of view*, and measured by his capacities and aims, what so idle as the life of man! He passes—the greatest of his hour,—another succeeds, and the same pageant goes on. Again, and for ever, 'the thing that hath been shall be.'

The Babe leaps on its Mother's knee,
 The Bride she comes from Church,
 The Bells ring in the Sanctuary,
 The Corpse waits in the Porch:
 The Ship sails, with Venturers strong,
 The Miller tends his Mill,
 The Courts are full of Right and Wrong,
 The Streets are crowded still:

The Lover clasps his own True-love,
 The Courtier fawns and hates,—
 The Fatherless must look above,
 The Pauper haunts our Gates :
 The Peoples of all Climes kiss rods,
 The Captains' Swords are red,
 The Slave is cast off by the Gods,
 The Sparrow still is fed :
 The Merchants buy, the Merchants sell,
 The Weaver plies his Loom,
 The World goeth well to the passing bell,
 And will to the day of doom
 And so reply—were the Mother-sky
 To lose each Daughter-Star,—
 For still we sigh, all who live die,
 And the Worms our Brethren are!—pp. 55, 56.

Nor is Mr. Fletcher less happy in the solution of his problem than in the statement of it. He finely urges that it is not from man's sense of himself, but from his sense of God, that human destiny must be descried. There are points of the ensuing argument that touch the sublime.

Why out of every glorious thing
 Should we make gloomy fancies spring,
 Fill Flowers with blight, and Suns with Night,
 And, in the Bosom of Delight,
 Plant Doubts, sow Fears, and reap Despite ?

Why, placed in this engirdling scene,
 The twin-Eternities between,
 Refuse to gather as we may,
 The golden moments of our stay,
 And unwinged make a winged way ?

Who with this green Earth at his feet,
 While o'er his head Heaven's Arches meet,
 Would fail, his own Heart to present
 To mirror this fair Firmament,
 The landscape round, and concave sweeps,
 In its own deepest loving deeps,
 This visible inheritance !
 'Tis ours to measure this expanse,
 Not by our insignificance,
 But by His munificence :
 For all this glory overflowing,
 Is for thy loving and thy knowing—
For such and so great is the Trust
Of Life, Thou Atom of quick Dust,
That all that's seen, seems for thy seeing,
And all that is, seems for thy Being !

*For Man! Worlds made and shown for him!
 As if there were no shining ones,
 Angel, Cherub, and Seraphim,
 More countless than the countless Suns,
 Flocking unseen Empyreans!*
 Yes! Walk this Earth, salute these skies,
 And listen to their harmonies,—
 For Thou for Them, and They for Thee,
 And All for HIM, is Love's mystery!

Like as a Bride taketh rich Dowers,
 So comes to us this Life of ours,
 And we take Worlds! This Earth, yon Heaven,
 By our one Maker both are given!
 Each *One* of His partaketh of *All*,
 Omnipotence is ineffable!
 For verily in this Reality
 Of God's World-revelations,
 Standeth Man's Individuality,
 Created for Creations—
 Each by his loving Ideality
 Working out great Probations,—
 By slow degrees, conquering each sphere
 Of Being, in great Joy and Fear!

For may we not each say *I*, and may we not each say *Mine*,
 And thus we dare to face the Stars, and breast the gold sunshine,
 And thus how dauntless walk we each the wondrous vale of Time,
 And pluck the plenteous way-side Fruit, and weave the Flowers
 sublime.—pp. 64-67.

We have quoted so largely from this first and best poem of Mr. Fletcher's, that we have no space for further examples. His 'Dirge for the Great Sea-Captain,' though patriotic and ardent, cannot be compared with his tribute to the illustrious Soldier. We may mention, however, with approval, the 'Sunset Trilogy'—for its moral suggestiveness and beauty of description; the 'Inquest'—for its solemnity of tone and force of appeal; and 'Heaven Lost'—as being a study—and by no means an unsuccessful one—after Milton. Every page in the present volume shows the presence of imaginative gifts; while—we are bound to add—many pages show how little those gifts have been fostered. Mr. Fletcher is an uncertain but genuine poet, and he has the power at a future time to turn our verdict, already given without doubt—into a verdict without qualification.

The name of Mr. MacDonald is that of a new aspirant in poetry, and, probably, also that of a young man. Yet, we heartily admire his volume, and are disposed to say so in emphatic terms. True, our friend Platitude—that veteran critic—remonstrates against the imprudence, and tells us that admiration at

first sight is no less indiscreet than love under the same circumstances. We should wait—so Platitude urges—to see what our tyro will turn out. It will be time enough to give a decisive opinion of him when we have cautiously ascertained that of the public. Besides which—adds our friend—enthusiasm for a beginner is a sentiment which no critic should evince who would be thought to live on terms of easy familiarity with the ancient models of literature, or with the works of its living masters. Willing to give a lesson from social life, Platitude bids us observe the career of Shuffleton.

Shuffleton, as all the world knows, is the oracle of Court circles. He stole into them; originally a *parvenu*, but a blushing one. The excess of his bashfulness atoned for the presumption of his *entrée*, and he continued to hold his position by owning himself unworthy of it. What could the grateful creature do but repay toleration by homage? He knew the traditions of every old Norman house, all the quarterings on its shields, and could unravel all the twisted threads of its genealogies. The current peers of old lines saw in Shuffleton the mirror of their glories. He that was at first suffered, became in time desired, and finally, required. Shuffleton is now a necessity of the *vieille noblesse*, a distinct part of that institution. But mark him when a *novus homo* enters—how careless, how accidental is his greeting. He allows him a finger, but he *does* allow it, for the new comer may one day wear stars, and his newness be forgotten even as Shuffleton's own. 'Are you wise, young critic?'—says our Mentor—'behold your model! For you, too, there are old feudal houses to propitiate—the men of acknowledged genius, who years back wore their spurs (ay, spite of your foregoers, Platitude), and of whose chaplets, long ago decreed, you cannot do better than admire the verdure. But for this young Bard, whom Heaven sent yesterday—this fresh miracle attesting its power—what welcome for him? Pray you a finger only. No *new* hero is one to his valet: can any *new* poet be one to his critic?'

We would not be lavish in awarding the honours of genius, nor make intellectual crowns as cheap as knighthoods. Nevertheless, if a claim be proved, we see not—spite of Platitude—how it can fairly be ignored. We shall say, therefore, that Mr. Mac Donald's dramatic poem, called 'Within and Without'—this book of a new man—discloses such high qualities of thought and imagination, such fair auguries of coming fame, that we would advise Platitude, with an eye to the future, to allow him *two* fingers.

We are conscious, nevertheless, that Mr. MacDonald has rather proved himself to be a poet than his work to be a great poem—great, we mean, in the sense of a noble design powerfully and clearly worked out.

The central idea of the book is that of a soul which—famished amidst the routine and ceremony of the Romish Church—seeks to know God on its own account, and to commune with Him through living experience, rather than through dead traditions. To realize the Divine paternity, to pierce the mystery of Providence, to have the baffling suggestions of inward doubt and of life's external problems answered by some special illumination, and thus to walk through time by a light reflected from eternity,—such are the yearnings which possess the hero of this book at its opening. The moral of the poet runs—that a consciousness of the All-Good being granted, the deeper knowledge of Himself and of his workings must be gained through *love*; that He who cannot be found out by *searching*, will manifest Himself to the lowly and to the pure in heart. These are they that shall see God. Likeness to His nature is the condition through which we gain insight into His plan. One line from Mr. MacDonald's book suggests its argument—

‘When unlike God, how can we hear His words?’

The truth, then, which this poem seeks to express wears no aspect of novelty. It is, on the contrary, an axiom of revelation echoed by every heart into which the faith that works by love has entered. But to incarnate this sacred truism in the story of a human spirit, to array it in forms of imaginative beauty, to bring it home to the heart by some pathetic crisis in man's daily struggle—is a task in which poetic genius may well find scope and reward. To a certain extent this task has been accomplished by Mr. MacDonald. The character of his hero, Julian, is profoundly conceived. In the Italian nobleman, impassioned and sensitive, yet earnest, truthful, and self-devoted—we have finely portrayed both the motives and feelings that belong to the Christian ideal, and those brief flashes of self-will, which, like the fitful watch-fires of a routed foe, mark the arena of a past struggle—it may be of a lingering danger. The fault of the book is, that its leading idea wants force and simplicity of treatment. The stages of development are not sufficiently marked, and the purpose of the poem—professedly a dramatic one—instead of being evolved by the inter-action of character and event, is chiefly conveyed through the soliloquies of the hero. Those new perceptions which show the growth of his character are eloquently told at various points of the story, but seldom appear to flow out of it. We see the result, but not the process. We have glowing announcement where we wish to trace inevitable consequence,—a philosophy reasoned rather than exhibited, a sermon instead of a drama.

Yet so lofty is the teaching that pervades this series of medi-

tations, so informed is the writer's style with subtle thought and delicate fancy, that if he have not ransomed all the hostages which a high poetic design gives to imagination, we may at least accept his poem as a rich instalment of the debt. That he has a natural dramatic faculty only needing culture, is sufficiently proved at the opening of the poem. Here the characterization is excellent. Julian, the earnest truth-seeker, wrestles in his lonely cell with agonizing doubt, to the end that 'haply he may find God.' Stephen, the sleek orthodox monk, assured in his routine theology and glib at dogma, denounces the heresy of doubt over his salad; while Robert, a third monk, vacillates between the impulses of a sincere nature and the *veto* of tradition. Julian, being in danger from a charge of heresy, Robert aids his escape from the convent. The strife that ensues in the mind of the latter, shows no common analyser of character and motive :—

Robert. One comfort is, he's far away by this.
 Perhaps this comfort is my deepest sin.
 Where shall I find a daysman in this strife
 Between my heart and holy Church's words?
 Is not the law of kindness from God's finger,
 Yea, from His heart, on mine? But then we must
 Deny ourselves; and impulses must yield,
 Be subject to the written law of words;
 Impulses made, made strong, that we might have
 Within the temple's court live things to bring
 And slay upon His altar; that we may,
 By this hard penance of the heart and soul,
 Become the slaves of Christ.—I have done wrong;
 I ought not to have let poor Julian go.
 And yet that light upon the floor says, yes—
 Christ would have let him go. It seemed a good,
 Yes, self-denying deed, to risk my life
 That he might be in peace. Still up and down
 The balance goes, a good in either scale;
 Two angels giving each to each the lie,
 And none to part them or decide the question.
 But still the *words* seem to come heaviest
 Upon my conscience as that scale descends:
 But that may be because they hurt me more,
 Being rough strangers in the feelings' home.
 Would God forbid us to do what is right,
 Even for His sake? But then Julian's life
 Belonged to God; He could do as He pleased.
 I am bewildered. 'Tis as God and God
 Commanded different things in different tones.—pp. 25, 26.

For our purpose the plot of this book needs but an occasional reference. We prefer directing our readers to some of those

lessons, which, as we have said, can too easily be detached from the story. Here is one involving the poet's main idea, while touching on the use of sorrow :—

O God, I thank thee for the friendly eye,
That oft hath opened on me these five years ;
Thank thee for those enlightenings of my spirit,
That let me know thy thought was towards me,
As moments fore-enjoyed from future years,
Telling what converse I should hold with God.
I thank thee for the sorrow and the care,
Through which they gleamed, bright phosphorescent sparks
Crushed from the troubled waters, borne on which
Through mist and dark my soul draws nigh to thee.
Five years ago, I prayed in agony
That thou wouldst speak to me. Thou wouldst not then,
With that close speech I craved so hungrily.
Thy inmost speech is heart embracing heart ;
And thou wert all the time instructing me
To know the language of thy inmost speech.
I thought thou didst refuse, when every hour
Thou spakest every word my heart could hear,
Though oft I did not know it was thy voice.
My prayer arose from lonely wastes of soul ;
As if a world far-off in depths of space,
Chaotic, had implored that it might shine
Straightway in sunlight as the morning star.—pp. 71, 72.

A Christmas musing tells what needs in man's very being call aloud for a divine incarnation,—how until '*the Word* was made flesh and dwelt amongst us' in visible love, all other utterances of God were misapprehended.

Let those with whom age is the blight, not the maturity of youth, those who deny the beauty for which they have lost the sense, lay to heart the following :—

The Lovely is the True. The Beautiful
Is what God made. Men from whose narrow bosoms
The great child-heart has withered, backwards look
To their first-love, and laugh, and call it folly,
A mere delusion to which youth is subject,
As childhood to diseases. They know better.
And proud of their denying, tell the youth,
On whom this wonderment of being shines,
That will be over with him by and by:
'I was so when a boy—look at me now.'
Youth, be not one of them, but love thy love.
So with all worship for the high and good,
And pure and beautiful. These men are wiser !
Their god, Experience, but their own decay ;
Their wisdom but the grey hairs gathered on them.

Yea, some will mourn and sing about their loss,
 And for the sake of sweet sounds cherish it,
 Nor yet believe that it was more than seeming.
 The man in whom the child's heart hath not died,
 But grown into the man's, still loves the Past;
 Believes in all its beauty; knows the hours
 Will dissipate the mist; and when this day
 Has laid its stone upon the monument,
 A morning light will break one morn, and draw
 The hidden glories of a thousand hues
 Out from the crystal depths, and ruby-spots,
 And sapphire veins, unseen, unknown before.
 Far in the future lies his refuge. Time
 Is God's, and all its miracles are his;
 And in the Future he o'ertakes the Past,
 Which was a prophecy of times to come;
 Where lie great flashing stars, such as shone out
 In childhood's laughing heaven; the wonderment
 With which the sun went down and moon arose;
 The joy with which the meadows opened out
 Their daisies to the warming sun of Spring;
 And so, to reach it, climbs the present slope
 Of each day's duty—here he would not rest—
 Believing that the glory still is near,
 Though o'er its face a covering is spread,
 As o'er the bride's dear face the bridal veil:
 He knows the beauty radiant beneath.
 Till faith dies into sight, the cloudy veil
 Melteth away pierced through with inward light;
 And the man knows God never mocked a man
 With beauty meant to die and make no sign.—pp. 98-100.

The above is somewhat diffuse, and Mr. MacDonald as yet lacks the power to condense the rays of thought into a focus, and to charge one or two pregnant lines with the whole life of an emotion; but his high and tender philosophy, his wealth of fancy, and grace of manner, are beyond dispute.

The total interest of the poem as a story consists in the apparent estrangement which comes between Julian and Lilia, his wife, and the part which Lily, their child, plays between the two. In Lilia the author has depicted the southern heart, with its sensuous thirst for love and beauty. In Julian (with whose Italian blood mingles that of Germany), we have with the fervour of the south the devout, speculative, and somewhat mystical intellect of the north. The wife fails to apprehend the husband's aspirations, and fears that he must despise her. The husband can find no charm in the fair but transient ends for which his wife exists. He brings her no joy, and fears that he repels her. And yet, withal, each is possessed by an intense but

hidden love for the other. This interest, it will be seen, is very similar (doubtless by mere coincidence) to that between Amy and her husband in 'Balder.' Nor is the following example, in which Lilia mourns the moral distance between Julian and herself, unlike those noble lyrics which Mr. Dobell has endowed with such psychological instinct, and with forms of natural beauty that claim no second place in the whole gallery of poetic description :—

'O will thine eyes shine always, love, as now ?
 And will thy lips for aye be sweetly curved ?'
 Said my song, flowing unrhymed from my heart.
 'And will thy forehead, ever, sunlike, bend,
 And suck my soul in vapours up to thee ?
 Ah, love ! I need love, beauty, and sweet odours ;
 Thou livest in the hoary mountains ; I
 In the warm valley, with the the lily pale
 Shadowed with mountains and its own green leaves ;
 Where odours are the sole invisible clouds
 Making the heart weep for deliciousness.
 Will thy eternal mountain always bear
 Blue flowers upspringing at the glacier's foot ?
 Alas ! I fear the storms, the blinding snow,
 The vapours which thou gatherest round thy head,
 Wherewith thou shuttest up thy chamber-door,
 And goest from me into loneliness.'
 Ah me, my song ! it is a song no more !
 He is alone amidst his windy rocks ;
 I wandering on a low and dreary plain !—pp. 83, 84.

Frenzied with doubts of her husband's love, Lilia for a moment gives ear to the idolizing passion of a certain Lord Seaford. Remorse, ere too late, rescues her from dishonour, though not from the imputation of it. Slander is busy with her name, and at last reaches Julian. There is a fierce struggle in his breast ; yet he forgets not who said, 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,' and with the divine impulse of a Christian's heart he yearns to the fallen one (as he believes her) *on account of her fall*. We must make room for part of his lament. The pathos of the lines quoted in italics needs no comment :—

O my poor Lilia ! my soul weeps for thee.
 (*Weeping bitterly.*)
 How shall I win thee, save thee, make thee mine ?
 God, can she never more be clean ? no more,
 Through all the terrible years ? Hast thou no well
 In all thy heaven, in all Thyself, that can
 Wash her soul clean ? Her body will go down
 Into the friendly earth—would it were lying

There in my arms ; for there the rains will come,
 Fresh from Thy skies, in streamlets through the sod,
 All the long winter night, and we should lie
 Mouldering away together, gently washed
 Into the heart of earth ; and part would go
 Forth on the sunny breezes that bear clouds,
 Through the blue air. But her stained soul, my God !
 Canst thou not cleanse it ? *Then should I, when death*
Was gone, creep into Heaven at last, and sit
In some quiet place by her, with glory shadowed.
None would ask questions there. And I, content
To sorrow still a little, so I might
Look on her with the darling on her knees,
Should know that must be pure that dwelt within
The circle of thy glory.—pp. 129, 130.

Lily—the child of Julian and Lilia—is one of the poem's loveliest features, and deserves something better than the passing allusion to which our space limits us. Spite of an occasional blemish in the picture through an attempt to over-realize, it is on the whole as truthful in its details as charming in its conception. Lily is throughout a sort of ministering spirit to her father, and touching is it to see how the faith of the child's heart—the faith of innocence—answers to that faith in the man which has been conquered through the strife of experience ; how the 'heaven which lies around us in our infancy' sleeps, like a vale, at the foot of those heights in the same kingdom which the 'violent have taken by force.'

We must now close Mr. MacDonald's volume. A fair estimate of his powers may be gained from the instances which we have cited. They can hardly fail to delight his readers, though insufficient to convince them that he has accomplished a great work of art. The highest crown of genius may not now be decreed to this writer ; but he has proved his title to enter those lists where knights alone are privileged to contend. And we cannot but bid 'God speed' to one who has shown these great attributes of mental chivalry—allegiance to the sacred behests of religion, and tender reverence for childhood and woman.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange, Knight, Engraver, Member of several Foreign Academies of Design; and of his Brother-in-law, Andrew Lumisden, Private Secretary to the Stuart Princes, and Author of 'The Antiquities of Rome.'* By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1855.

JAMES DENNISTOUN of Dennistoun, is a name favourably known in the antiquarian researches of his country, and in works of more general interest demanding care, industry, and literary skill. These Memoirs, which had scarcely issued from the press ere the public journals recorded their author's death, will not diminish his well-earned reputation. If they can boast of little that is striking or brilliant, at least they do not contain a word which with his dying hand he could have wished to cancel. By marriage with a descendant of Sir Robert Strange, he came into possession of letters and documents forming the basis of these volumes, and which may possibly be found to possess an interest and importance sufficient to rescue them from oblivion.

The career of Strange the engraver was not eventful. His life is little more than a record of his art, of the difficulties which therein beset him, of his unflagging industry and ardour, of the renunciation for many years of family bonds and domestic comforts to the paramount claims and charms of an all-engrossing profession. His wife, a Miss Lumisden, of honourable descent, and an ardent Jacobite, makes fighting 'for her Prince' in the Scottish Rebellion of last century, the condition on which she accepts her lover. Strange is thus unfortunately, if not somewhat unwillingly, involved in the ruined fortunes of the Stuart dynasty. He fights at Culloden, engraves a portrait of 'the Prince,' executes plates for the issue of paper money, and, involved in the general consternation and overthrow, with difficulty escapes capture, and remains for a time in close concealment. It is evident that the connexion between Strange and the Rebellion was more professional than political, and in after-life he allowed no romantic or wild notion of legitimacy to divide the allegiance he had sworn to his art. With his ardent wife it was far otherwise. Ambitious, made to govern and to dictate, the sphere of family duty was far too narrow for her enterprise, and in a cause less hopeless and desperate, she would gladly have become the focus of faction and intrigue. Andrew Lumisden, her brother, with less vigour and impetuosity of character, would seem in the blindness and constancy of his attachment to the Stuart dynasty, to supply his want of enthusiasm. Fighting and defeated with

‘his Prince’ at Culloden, he was for years a proscribed exile from his country ; suffered the privations of poverty, was rescued from absolute want by pittances in the form of pensions, and after assiduously serving for four-and-twenty years as Secretary in the mock court which the Stuart princes held in Rome, he was once more cast out upon the world a victim to his master’s drunken caprice.

Having thus indicated the general character of these volumes, we will now enter on a more detailed examination of that art of which Strange is here the representative. We have recently seen it stated that line engraving is in danger of becoming in this country extinct, from want of due appreciation and patronage ; and we think that we may be doing some service to a languishing art, if, in bringing the life of Strange before the notice of our readers, we succeed in claiming for the legitimate product of the graver increased attention and support. We are not insensible to the bewitching softness of mezzotint, but its delicate effeminacy only makes us prize more highly the character and manliness of line engraving. Neither would we for a moment assert that the popularity of lithography is disproportioned to its merit: the rapidity and economy of its execution, no less than its capabilities, make it the stepping-stone by which Art descends from its heights and becomes the domestic associate of the peasant instead of the sole prize of the prince. Wood engraving is no less popular and diffusive in its character, and the capability it possesses in the printing process of illustrating and combining with letter-press, has led to one of the most marked Art developments of the present day. Art, like literature, has become democratic, and subsists not on a patron, but on the applause of the populace. Competition, small profits, quick returns, with a rapid multiplication, such as only machinery can accomplish, have popularized Art, certainly without elevating it. This is a result which, with all its attendant disadvantages, we are far from regretting. The wider the basis upon which Art rests, the more stable is the structure, and the better capable of being reared in beauty and security to heights which may ultimately transcend all past attainments. Still we must confess that the prospects at least of line engraving are far from hopeful ; we fear that already it belongs more to the past than to the present. We know what is the character of the modern plates hung in printsellers’ windows ; and we know, likewise, what it is to turn with mingled admiration and regret over a portfolio of old and sterling engravings. There we see Claudes translated by Vivares, without trick or ostentation, into soft, aërial tones ; landscapes by Wollett, tremulous in line and emotional in feeling, rendering the infinite variety of nature, by a scarcely less infinite variety of manner ; or we turn, perhaps,

to a Holy Family by Bartolozzi, uniting precision of line with brilliancy of effect ; the forms well rounded and modelled, the execution manly without degenerating into soft voluptuousness. It was no slight merit, we may rest assured, which, in a period thus fertile in engravers and prodigal in the excellence of their works, could entitle Strange to the foremost rank. We have recently had occasion to consider the life and genius of a man, the chief excellence of whose pictures was in the beauty of their colour ; and now we are not less anxious justly to appreciate works which, wholly destitute of colour, seize upon the mind by merits of a totally different character. But so widely various and yet so potent and all-sufficing are the powers and capacities of Art in all its manifestations, that each phase in turn, while it holds the eye captive, is omnipotent, and exercises a sway, if not a tyranny, that for the moment admits of no superior. Under the spell of Etty, 'dazzled and drunk' by the glory of colour, we feel that colour is all in all ; yet, again, chastened by the purity and unostentatious merit of a line engraving, we willingly surrender the gaude and glare of colour which appeals to sense for the tranquil and calmer, because more intellectual, feast of beauteous lines and expressive light and shade.

Sir Robert Strange did good service to Art, not only by the excellence of his execution, but likewise by the high character of the works which he undertook to engrave. He not unreasonably turned to Italy as affording the pictures most worthy of his skill and labour. In the principal cities of that country he spent several years, making in the churches, palaces, and galleries careful drawings of the most celebrated pictures as subjects for his future engravings. He thus familiarized the public mind with works of the highest order, and by his merits and the boldness of his enterprise created a taste and a patronage alike honourable to the public and to himself. When we think of the service which he and others no less celebrated have conferred on Art, we cannot but regret that engraving was not earlier discovered. We might then have known something of the Greek paintings, which many have conjectured as scarcely less perfect than their sculpture and architecture. But the arts of the Revival were more fortunate. Raphael had his attendant genius in Marc Antonio, who, by engravings executed with a loving hand and kindred spirit, translated and diffused the works of the master. Thus have the genius and fame of the great painters been perpetuated and extended, and in our day so far popularized, that not long since we purchased, more for curiosity—it must be acknowledged—than edification, a print of Raphael's Transfiguration for fourpence. Engraving is to painting what printing is to literature ; a man's picture is as yet in manuscript till it is

engraved, hung in the shop-windows, and put within the actual possession of the multitude. A painter's fame is then, and not till then, secured from oblivion. When we think of what engraving has done and is doing for Art, and the Art education of the people, we fear that it is scarcely sufficiently estimated or understood. Whatever widens the circuit of our vision, 'the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses,' confers upon the race the greatest boon. Addison tells us, that our sight 'fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired.' It is Art, and especially engraving, which nourishes and enriches the mind through this faculty of vision. It educates and delights the child in his earliest years, and in his maturer age instructs and refines the man. Limited himself to time and space, it brings within his view the best and fairest of every land, with the riches which have been rescued from time's destructive deluge. Thus is the imagination through the eye fed with things of beauty, and by the outer gate of sense enter into the storehouse of the mind countless riches.

We were never more impressed with the value of engraving than in Parma, the city of Correggio's labours. We spent the morning, with opera-glass in hand, visiting the churches, endeavouring to decipher and understand the exuberant creations with which Correggio adorned the cupolas. We knew that his object had been to paint the heaven of heavens, and surely no fitter sphere could be found, either for his genius or the boldness of the attempt, than the interior of a church dome. We had heard of the magic charm of his light and shade; that in these cupolas Art, no longer circumscribed by lines and figure, combined reality and immensity in one, spanned earth and air; and that Correggio had here built heaven, even if he had failed in peopling it. In vain did we attempt in the obscurity of church interiors to comprehend the subjects, or to judge of the merits of individual figures discoloured by damp, and obliterated by decay, and we were ready to join with the enemies of Correggio, who, at the close of his labours, raised the cry that he had painted a 'hash of frogs.' It was not till we visited the studio of Chevalier Toschi, the greatest engraver of which Italy in our day can boast, that we really understood the merits of these works. To the carefully executed drawings of Toschi, and the effective boldness of the engravings, executed by himself, and the school he formed around him, will Correggio owe in future days his fame as a painter of fresco. Since our visit, the Chevalier Toschi is dead; indeed, his age and infirmities almost precluded the hope that he could live to complete the arduous work on which he was engaged; but we understood that the numerous pupils whom we saw around

him in the studio would be able from his finished drawings to complete the entire series of works. For the sake of the expiring honour of Italy, and for the credit of engraving as an art, we trust that nothing may impede the publication of these plates.

It may perhaps be well to recal to the reader's recollection the special qualities by which the different methods of engraving on copper are distinguished. Firstly, the great merit of line engraving consists in force and firmness, with precision and determination of form. Mezzotinto, on the contrary, is more alluring by its softness, by the unity of its tone, and breadth of shadow; from the absence of harsh positive lines it most nearly approaches the manner by which objects in nature are relieved and yet blended. Lastly, in etching, we find qualities not less individually marked. Deficient in the vigour of line engraving, and utterly wanting in tone, it has in rapidity and playful facility of execution a merit exclusively its own. Now, line engraving, as improved and practised by Strange, embraced, in some degree, the distinctive merits of all these processes. The outline of the subject, with even some of its details, was first etched, which gave a freedom of execution unknown to rigid line engraving; by the extensive use of the dry point the softness of a mezzotinto was somewhat approached, while strength and decision were attained by the firm, bold stroke of the graver. This gave to line engraving, in the hands of Strange, a combination of resources and expression almost exhaustive of the capabilities of light and shade in Art.

In order the more correctly to estimate the special characteristics of Strange as an engraver, it may be well to dwell more particularly for a few moments on the intrinsic elements upon which the merits of the art depend. It must, however, be borne in mind that we do not profess to write for the instruction of professional engravers, but for the information of the general public. We shall not, therefore, attempt to enter on the mere technicalities of the art, to lay down rules for the use of the etching needle, the graver, or the dry point, to determine when lines should be firm and when undulating, when crossed in squares or when oblique. Suffice it to say, that lines, in their curves, intensity, and arrangement, should always be expressive of the character of the object they are intended to represent; that they should interpret with fidelity the meaning, the purpose, and sentiment of the work they transcribe. The eye of the connoisseur is specially sensitive to the delicacy, dexterity, and intention of lines in linear engraving. They must, in all respects, be echoes to the thought; and their skilful management by the engraver, and the rewarding applause of the public, will depend upon that delicate intuition by which thought and feeling are expressed

through corresponding forms. Herein consist the interest and inherent superiority of line in contrast with all other styles of engraving. The mental character of a line engraver can be predicted from his works, which is a sure test that his task is mental as well as manual. We may rest assured that a work which is bold without being extravagant, tender without feebleness, brilliant and yet not ostentatious, well balanced and regulated in its parts, sustained by an individual unity in its whole, requires a mind as rightly tutored as the work is fitly executed. The fine arts differ from the useful in this, that in the one while mind conceives the mechanic may be left to execute; but in the other, on the contrary, the conceiving thought must actuate the expressive hand. Strange evidently felt this, and hence it was with great unwillingness that he delegated to others the execution of any, even the most trivial portions of his works. Now these expressive qualities, which are inherent to lines judiciously disposed, are conspicuous in the engravings of Strange. In recently looking over a portfolio of his works, we were insensibly fired by the ardour which impelled his mind and hand:—the brilliancy and the beauty of execution, the transparency and softness of the flesh-tints showed that the artist's eye had directed the engraver's hand. We marked his judicious treatment of a subject in the Venetian school; florid, romantic, and enthusiastic in execution, it still maintained a becoming dignity, while it did not degenerate into extravagance or coarseness. His style, in fact, seems a happy medium between the coldly classic and the lawlessly romantic. It contrasts favourably with the geometric and mechanically accurate lines of Wille, alike incapable of texture, quality, or expression, while on the other hand it escapes the Carlo Dolci soft effeminacy, so captivating to the dilettante, so repulsive to manly and healthful taste.

It must not be forgotten that an engraving is not so much a copy as the translation of a picture. In the absence of colour, and with materials and execution wholly different, engraving seeks, nevertheless, by the means within its power, to convey to the mind the conception and treatment of the original work. However, in one element, and that perhaps the highest within the range of Art, engraving is co-equal with painting. Without drawing to define the boundaries of light, shade, and colour, a picture would be a mere chaos destitute of form or meaning; drawing is the basis of every art, whether the instrument be pencil, brush, or graver. Engraving then should make accuracy of drawing its leading feature, especially as in the absence of colour, the eye is the more exclusively directed to the form. When we think of all the attributes pertaining to form, we shall at once perceive how wide is the range, how expressive the

meaning, of engraving. In their enumeration we should exhaust the best resources of Art, and call into play all the faculties of mind. Michael Angelo, in the grandeur of his line, and the giant proportions of his figures; Raphael in the purity, amenity, and expressive character of his design; the grace and the beauty of Guido and Correggio, and the savage wildness of Salvator Rosa, can be thus brought within the sphere and capability of engraving. But so wide is the scope, so diversified and opposite the character of these masters and their works, that it is scarcely possible that one and the same engraver should be possessed of powers sufficiently extended to do equal justice to them all. In the nature of things, a man if left to his choice will select the master and subject most congenial to his tastes and feelings. He will then labour in a kindred spirit, the mechanism of his art will be imbued with feeling and expression, and as in a skilful translation, the character of the original will be transfused into a new form and different language. Strange, by his lengthened residence in Italy and the devoted zeal with which he executed drawings from the best masters, must have become deeply imbued with Italian thought and manner; so that entering into the creative spirit, the actuating motive of the original work, his engraving was no dead literal transcript, but the vital product of an artist's mind and hand—a poet's translation of a poet's work. The range of Strange's masters and subjects was very great, indeed, nearly exhaustive. We find him engraving Cleopatras after Guido, St. Cecilias after Raphael, Madonnas and Saints of Correggio, Cupids and Venus by Titian, Charles I. after Vandyke, and the Good Shepherd after Murillo. But his versatility and untiring industry did not keep pace with the loftiness and scope of his ambition. During his sojourn in Italy, he made drawings which during his life of unbroken labour he was never able to engrave. The secret indeed of his accomplishing so much was the constant feeling that he was doing so little.

In analysing the essential elements of engraving, we have dwelt on the technicalities and mechanism of lines, then on accuracy of form and drawing, and now, lastly, we shall say a few words respecting the general distribution of light and shade in a picture or engraving. To be impressive or pleasing, it is primarily requisite that a painting or engraving shall have a well managed chiaroscuro. Upon this the mental expression greatly depends. Light, the physical symbol of life, beauty, and truth, wages eternal warfare with darkness, the empire of death, error, and sin. These two conflicting elements in the world within us, and creation without, meet as harmonized discords in the light and shade of a picture. This union of antagonistic powers is, as we have said, a fertile source of pictorial

expression, and makes art, like nature, an animated symbol of mental emotion. The moontide brightness, the stillness of twilight, the thick veil of night, the terror of the storm or the benignity of sunshine, whether seen in nature or transcribed by art, are impressive, because they are expressive of the ages of man, the phases of his being, and the vicissitudes of life. This light and shade, by which nature and the life of man are alike checkered, become in art likewise the chief source of mystery. The confines where clear vision ends and the region of faith begins, the dimness of things distant, and the darkness which oftentimes overcasts things near at hand, belong to the obscure territories of mystery. The shadows thus cast across the field of our knowledge, this transition of the seen into the invisible, are in art more than indicated, they are depicted and foreshadowed by the darkness in which it shrouds things invisible, the twilight by which it in part reveals the distant and unknown. Now all that in painting can be expressed by the magic of chiaroscuro is equally within the power of engraving. All who have seen engravings or etchings of 'The Crucifixion' by Rembrandt, or his 'Raising of Lazarus,' must feel in their ominous light and shade some sense of the mystery of miracle, somewhat of that awe which filled all minds when the veil of the temple was rent asunder. Even in our own time we have all seen the startling creations of Martin, his infinite distances, terrible skies illumined only by lightning, vastness of space bounded by immeasurable depths of darkness, the obscurity in which brood fire, pestilence, and earthquake,—all the supernatural working of a frenzied imagination. But we must pause for a moment, and somewhat divert the current of our thoughts, in order to estimate the special qualities of Strange. His works, too, are celebrated for their light and shade, but not as those of Rembrandt or Martin. He differs from these masters, as the serenity of an evening sky contrasts with the thunder cloud. The works chosen for his graver do not startle by abrupt transitions. Light passes softly into shade, and the individual parts are blended into one general harmony. His plates consequently possess to an eminent degree the quality of tone; they are thus suited to the sobriety and dignity of high art, and they claim attention, less by an alluring and emphatic manner than through their intrinsic merit.

In the concluding chapter of the 'Memoirs,' Mr. Dennistoun makes a careful estimate of the merits of Strange as an engraver. In a comparison with his rival Bartolozzi, the latter is designated as spirited, bold, and dexterous, but rapid and flimsy, and inferior to Strange in 'solid principles and finished practice.' Bartolozzi, from advantages enjoyed in youth, had greater knowledge of drawing, but his works are frequently marred by a pre-

dilection for superficial graces. In continuation of this portion of our subject, we cannot do better than quote the exact words of Mr. Dennistoun :—

‘ If we extend our comparative estimate to other eminent engravers, beginning with a pupil of Bartolozzi, who connects him with higher names, we may grant to Volpato the advantage of long and constant contact with Raphael’s works in his Roman period, and also the judgment which gave to these a marked preference. But though superior to Strange in the selection of his subjects, the latter ceded nothing to him in their treatment. Morghen and Longhi, to whom Volpato’s influence successively descended in ameliorated degree, are open to criticism, as devoted rather to the manner than the matter of their work ; their exquisite elaboration (cold, perhaps, in the latter—effeminate, it may be, in the former) savours of a technical or academic perfection, and sometimes sacrifices the qualities of the painter to the merits of the engraver. This cannot be said of Strange, who, even in his finest and most successful execution, exhibits no laborious straining.’—Memoirs.

Mr. Dennistoun proceeds to state that Desnoyers stands alone in the conduct of Raphael’s best works, and he finds in Müller’s Sixtine Madonna a solemnity, and in his St. John from Domenichino a purity, to which Strange never attained. Yet we are told that the success of Sir Robert Strange pervaded all that he undertook ; that his aquafortis preparation was carried further than with any other engraver, imparting freedom to his style and great advantage ‘ in rendering colour.’ We are further told that he was perfect master of the graver, and unequalled in the resources of the dry point ; that he is often singularly happy in expressing the touch of his original, although with occasional monotony ; but at the same time it cannot be denied that his drapery was less perfect than that of those who enjoyed greater academic advantages ; and, lastly, that while his strokes possess clearness scarcely ever excelled, his skies are opaque and his backgrounds unpleasantly dazzling ; but by general consent it would appear that no one excelled him in the softness and porous texture of flesh, which he rendered without the appearance of effort, labour, or servile adherence to rule.

We are not quite certain whether we have used a wise discretion in perplexing our readers with this elaborate and somewhat conflicting criticism, the intricate refinements of which we would not ourselves presume fully to comprehend. Adroitly to balance technical terms is a species of literary legerdemain, which, from its ingenious dexterity, is entertaining to witness, but it usually ends as a mere brilliant feat without rendering our knowledge more definite or our judgment more discriminative. This is especially the case when the attempt is made to adjudicate in

words before the tribunal of memory upon the merits or defects of the objects of sense. Words can express thoughts, but cannot picture things; hence it is that criticism on the arts is so often vague, loose, and contradictory. A flagrant example is here before us. After the remarks of which we have above given a concise digest, Mr. Charles Le Blanc is called in as witness for the purpose, it would appear, of throwing the previous evidence into confusion. He pronounces the engravings of Strange to be cold, defective in force and feeling, in purity of line, vigour of colour, and mellowed execution. We believe this estimate to be not only false but morbidly affected. It would, perhaps, be presumption to ask of so high an authority, what is meant by an engraving being 'cold;' but we would venture to stigmatize the application of 'vigour of colour' to a work of mere light and shade, as mere critic-cant hazarded on the presumption that it may be received by the public for gifted insight.

We are happy to have it in our power to adduce authorities which reinstate Strange in his foremost rank as an engraver. Walpole says, 'I cannot omit so capital a master as Mr. Strange, lest it should look like the contrary of flattery. When I have named him, I have mentioned the art at its highest period in Great Britain.' Richardson pronounces Strange's prints to be unequalled in harmony of tone, as well as delicacy and softness of flesh-tints. John Thomas Smith says, 'He was unquestionably the best engraver England ever produced. His close attention to the texture of each particular article . . . perhaps no one in any part of the world has ever equalled.' By Leigh Hunt, Strange is designated as 'the greatest engraver, perhaps, this country has seen; that is to say, supposing the merits of an engraver to be in proportion to his relish for and imitation of his originals. Other men may have drawn a finer mechanical line, but none have surpassed Strange in giving the proper diversity of surfaces, or equalled him in transferring to hard copper the roundness and delicacy of flesh.' Mr. Dennistoun would appear to sum up the collective evidence upon the merits of Strange in these words: 'Altogether, he is ranked by the best judges among the first and most pleasing artists of his age.'

But not only is Strange entitled to our admiration as an artist, he equally merits our respect as a man. His was a genius calm and earnest in purpose, assiduously devoted to the high development of his art; gladly submitting to the drudgery of an arduous profession, not so much as a sacrifice to the necessities of family, as a willing and ardent service in the art he loved. The innate integrity of his mind manifested itself in the conscientious care with which his works were executed. For the attainment of a noble object he made many sacrifices. In his early career he declined to en-

grave a portrait of the Prince Regent, and thus lost the prospect of Court patronage in order that he might travel in Italy, and devote his life to the execution of great works. For the same high object he refused book illustrations and other commissions, which would have yielded certain and rapid returns. And in the end we find his devotion and self-denial rewarded in honours upon himself, credit to his profession, and benefit to his country. For his talents and labours he was knighted by his sovereign: he raised his art at home to European renown; and in restoring the lost reputation of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Guido, he elevated the tastes and revived the arts of his country. It is consolatory to find that a life so devoted was rich in reward to himself, his family, and the age in which he lived.

The character of Mrs. Strange is too remarkable to pass without notice. Strong sense and shrewdness united with acute worldly wisdom; enlightened views dashed with unbending prejudices; education and self-culture clashing with an ignorance which, in our day, would startle; constitute a character as marked and idiomatic as either fact or fiction can supply. Her letters contain passages, racy and pungent, in which she is as reckless in thought as she is regardless of all grammar and orthography. We will venture on a few extracts, as they are amusing in themselves, and may constitute a not unwelcome episode after more weighty matters. Writing to her brother, Mr. Lumisden, secretary to the ruined dynasty of the Stuarts, she says—

‘O had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword I had not been here sitting tamely by my fireside, desiring you to do me simple office like this. In those days so many and so long, I have not been altogether idle, for I have made three fine boys, who I hope will do me credit; they’ll be recruits when I’m gone; I hope they’ll all have Roman spirits in them. I’ll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them.’—Memoirs.

In another letter to her brother, she thus claims credit for the education she has bestowed upon her little daughter:—

‘Indeed, I must not neglect to tell you that I have taken great care in her education: for example, whenever she hears the word whig mentioned, she grins and makes faces that would frighten a bear; but when I name the prince, she kisses me and looks at her picture.’—Ibid.

Again, in answer to a request from her husband and brother to come to Paris:—

‘I told Mr. Bell I hoped neither you nor he would insist on my coming to Paris, as I was too aquart a cub for that dissipated, giddy, worthless people; besides, I can speak nothing but broad Scotch, plain truth, and common sense. Such bairns as me makes the best figure at home.’—Ibid.

She speaks of her son as follows :—

‘If he appears aquard, say he does so by the positive command of his worthy old mother, who never did or said anything but what she had a good reason for.’—*Ibid.*

Mrs. Strange is thus well portrayed, in contrast to her husband, by a connexion of the family :—

‘His wife and he are the very opposite; for she is all fancy, fire, and flash, yet very steady to the main chance; but he admires her, and is so well amused with her fancies that, when silent, he starts a subject to make her shine.’—*Ibid.*

Andrew Lumisden, her brother, was of a different stamp, fitted to serve, not to govern: the whole interest of his life consists in that he served the Stuart princes, in their Roman exile, as secretary. His blind attachment to their fallen fortunes might have been praiseworthy, had it not under the circumstances been wholly absurd. The revelations in these volumes serve, if anything further were wanted, to show how utterly unfitted was the Stuart race to govern the people of England. They appear not to have been more cast down in fortune than degraded in character. These volumes contain a melancholy picture. Intriguing with Rome and Romanism, plotting with the discontents in Europe and the enemies of England, the last hopes of these puppet princes were sought in their country’s misfortune. Preyed upon by needy followers, whose fortunes had fallen with the cause, a mock royalty starving in penury kept up the hollow pomp and ceremony of a Court. Mr. Lumisden’s duties as secretary appear to have been divided between dunning for pensions and stipends unwillingly paid, and satisfying clamorous claimants by courteous letters in lieu of moneyed remittances. Such a state of things could not continue. Even royalty at last dies out, and worshippers desert a faith to which nothing more substantial pertains than a divine right. Mr. Lumisden, we think, fortunately for himself, was ‘at length relieved from all further part in a kingly comedy, which had gradually fallen to a lamentable farce.’

These Memoirs, it will be seen, are diversified by variety and contrast of character. Sir Robert Strange furnishes the artistic element, Mrs. Strange the popular and piquant, and Mr. Lumisden takes the literary and historical department. Yet we can scarcely call the work entertaining, or even interesting. It is careful but dry; learned, technical, and wholly free from emotion of any kind. Minute details on obscure points of Scottish history are anxiously rescued from oblivion, and certain Scottish families, which may be on the verge of extinction, will feel deeply indebted to its foot-notes. It is a work in which dead materials are

brought together, wanting the breath which should give them life. There are biographies, like maps, painfully accurate and minute, in which all facts, figures, and names are studiously recorded. There are biographies likewise that are panoramic pictures, in which are life and motion, light and shade,—the objects brought under pictorial treatment, and thrown into their true perspective. But of these volumes we can at least truly say, that there is nothing false in colouring, or repulsive to taste; and we think their author exercised a wise discretion in bringing the materials in his possession before the public.

ART. IV.—*An Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early Roman History.* By the Right Honourable Sir G. Cornwall Lewis. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1855.

It has been said, that a great book is a great evil; this may be true, yet it is sometimes a great necessity. In our tranquil judgment, all that was really needful in the present volumes might have been equally well said in one-tenth part of the length; yet the world in general would not so have judged. When a man of genius and learning writes a huge book, full of erroneous and delusive theories, which can be sufficiently confuted in a mere pamphlet, the prejudices of men will not accept such a confutation, but insist on a bulky work as the reply. The literary duel must be fought out with equal weapons on both sides. Had Sir G. C. Lewis put the substance of these 1100 pages into 100, Niebuhr, if still alive, would probably have thought it enough to reply, that the writer was a 'superficial blockhead;' and the public would argue,—'Niebuhr must no doubt be right, for he is a man of genius; his opponent probably cannot appreciate him,—and at any rate he has shown no learning which can compete with Niebuhr's wonderful erudition.' But when a great work, like the present, appears, filled with marks of diligent research, with elaborate notes and exhaustive text,—then the manes of Niebuhr receive sufficient honour by encountering such a champion. Even to be overcome in the encounter is not inglorious. Besides, it is not worth a bookseller's while to press the purchase of a mere pamphlet. Such an article is apt to drop still-born. Even if it have a great run, the author is well off if he does but lose a few pounds. On the contrary, two respectable-sized volumes may bring pecuniary reward alike to the zealous bookseller and to the

meritorious author ; and at the same time, such a book *mole suâ stat.* It obtains its deserved place on the shelves of public libraries, and becomes a κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν as a witness to truth. So important is it to have material as well as spiritual weight !

Those considerations nearly reconcile us to the elaborate and intrinsically tedious nature of the volumes before us, which do not appear to deserve the charge anticipated in the introduction of being ‘either presumptuous or superfluous.’ In our youth, we waded through the distressingly difficult volumes of Niebuhr, with a constant sense of discouragement and perplexity at being unable to appreciate his arguments. This we dutifully ascribed to our own ignorance. To our extreme surprise, we found him magisterially passing sentence on the works of authors which have perished, describing their excellences or defects, sometimes with severe remarks, and displaying a most marvellous acquaintance with the sources from which this or that piece of information was gathered by an extant author. One who finds himself unable to follow Niebuhr’s reasonings intelligently, is still apt to fancy it is useful and necessary elaborately to digest all his results. When Dr. Arnold came out so strong in allegiance to the surpassing discernment of Niebuhr, a new load was added to the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, which, though it could not wholly hinder a student from thinking for himself, has forced many a one to let out only in whisper and in hesitation his grave distrusts. For fifteen years at least, no man could bluntly express disbelief of Niebuhr without ruining his own credit, except indeed a few eminent persons, who all along were, on occasions, frank and outspoken. In the retrospect, we cannot but think that a serious disservice has been done to students by forcing upon them the painful and difficult process of ‘getting up’ Niebuhr’s volumes, while an ever-increasing chorus of scholars proclaims that Niebuhr undertook an *impossible* problem—viz., positively to reconstruct a lost history ; and that he has done it, not merely arbitrarily, but by methods, to adopt which is an elaborate practice in the art of bad reasoning.

In writing this, we do not intend to express agreement with the practical conclusions of Sir G. C. Lewis, concerning which we have many words ; nor do we intend to say that Niebuhr’s works have not, *on the whole*, advanced ancient history. We sincerely judge that they have ; but we believe their benefit has been entirely for historians and professors, not for young students, to whom we are disposed to regard his writings concerning the early age of Rome as rather pernicious. But Niebuhr was a man of great imagination, great memory, great power of combination. He threw his heart into his subject with passion,—as indeed did Mitford ; but with far more learning than Mitford.

The effect produced by his living voice was much greater than that of his writings, as is manifest in the zeal and love of his immediate pupils. Germany had already reared scholars, who were not, like the Italian antiquaries, mere children of vast memories and fine taste, but men who inquired freely, and who asked not only what did ancient writers assert? but also, how much of it was true? But none of them had such passionateness as Niebuhr, or so intense a belief that truth was attainable; and though his immediate attainment was only a phantom, and his resentment against those who did not bow to his idol an unseemly bigotry, yet this passionateness, joined to his vast learning, had a kindling and electric effect. He did not communicate any great *results* to his pupils (one or two perhaps may be rescued from Sir G. C. Lewis and Rubino), nor any new *method* which can be for a moment approved; but he did communicate to those of them who dedicated their lives to literature his own insatiable thirst for knowledge, and much of his aptitude for combination, and a most ambitious grasp of every subject. His influence has reached far beyond the limits of Roman antiquity. In fact, he was by no means the first to discern the uncertainty of the early Roman history. Perizonius, De Pouilly and Beaufort had elaborately maintained this, and had rejected many narratives as incredible. Niebuhr, however, treated the modest *uncertainty* in which they were satisfied to abide, as a superficial scepticism, and assumed for himself the problem of re-constructing the history, while fully aware that he had often no better source than his own conjectures. Sir G. C. Lewis writes concerning this as follows:—

‘There is no doubt that long habit, combined with a happy talent, may enable a person to discern the truth, where it is invisible to ordinary minds possessing no peculiar advantages. This may be observed, not only in historical researches, but in every other department of knowledge. In order, however, that the truth so perceived should recommend itself to the convictions of others, it is a necessary condition that it should admit of proof which they can understand. Newton might have perceived by a rapid and intuitive sagacity the connexion between the fall of an apple and the attraction of the earth to the sun; but unless he could have demonstrated that connexion by arguments which were intelligible and satisfactory to the scientific world, his discovery would have been useless, except as a mere suggestion. In like manner we may rejoice that the ingenuity and learning of Niebuhr should have enabled him to advance many novel hypotheses and conjectures respecting events in the early history, and respecting the form of the early constitution of Rome. But unless he can support those hypotheses by sufficient evidence, they are not entitled to our belief. It is not enough for a historian to claim the possession of a retrospective second-sight, which is denied to the rest of the world;

of a mysterious doctrine, revealed only to the initiated. Unless he can prove, as well as guess; unless he can produce evidence of the fact, after he has intuitively perceived its existence, his historical system cannot be received.'—Vol. i. p. 14.

In our article on the 'Life and Letters of Niebuhr' ('Eclectic Review,' June, 1852, p. 665), we ourselves briefly noticed this very point, entirely agreeing with Sir G. C. Lewis. We said:—'To go into details is impossible; but we may and must say, that Niebuhr totally mistook the duties of a historian. He supposed it was his place to dogmatize, and *make no attempts to convince the understanding of his reader*, and, if any one made objections, reply that he is an ignorant blockhead and evidently incompetent to judge.' It is indeed peculiarly difficult for a reader of Niebuhr to find out what part of his assertions needs, and what does not need, proof; for he quietly narrates his own theory as if it were attested by some ancient authority, and alleges that we have the 'express testimony' of Dionysius, or some one else, when nobody but himself can find anything of the sort in the passage to which his foot-note refers. He also talks so familiarly about what the ancient annalists recorded, that the reader little suspects that their very existence is a doubtful hypothesis of Niebuhr's own. Sir G. C. Lewis is fully justified in protesting here against adopting hypothesis as fact; nevertheless, we think the doctrine by which he tries to establish pure unhyphothetical history must annihilate all history whatsoever. In fact, our difficulty in reviewing the work consists in this, that the reader will not easily believe our representations concerning Sir George to be correct.

That there was no attempt among the Romans at a *continuous history* before Fabius Pictor, a contemporary of Hannibal, is universally admitted. Sir George quotes Livy and two passages of Dionysius in proof, and lays stress on the latter (vol. i. pp. 37, 81, 196) as of first-rate importance, and as totally disproving Niebuhr's belief in the existence of family memoirs, annals, and chronicles. To us they appear to have no such tendency. Fabius was the first systematic historian,—*παλαιότατος τῶν τὰ Ῥωμαϊκὰ συνταξαμένων*: how does this prove him to be the first who noted down contemporary occurrences? Such a phrase as 'a man who *compiled* the Roman affairs,' never could be used of one who merely committed to writing notices of passing events, or of his own life. Yet Sir George actually brings these passages (vol. i. p. 196) as sufficient disproof of Niebuhr's belief, and speaks of him as *setting them aside on mere conjecture*. Niebuhr may be right or wrong in his belief of such memorials; but such belief is no more inconsistent with Fabius' being the oldest compiler of Roman history than Sir George's own belief; for Sir

George makes concessions quite surprising. He employs the bulk of his treatise, from chapters vii. to xiii. inclusive, to prove his case; and deduces (vol. ii. p. 488), that 'the extant narrative, for the first 472 years, *was not originally framed by contemporary historians*, . . . which the reader will fancy to mean, *was not originally noted down by a series of contemporary chroniclers*; inasmuch as no historian can live through five centuries, and be contemporary with them all: hence it is difficult to see what else can be meant than the absence of all written contemporary memorials; yet he continues thus:—'but was derived by writers posterior to the events related, though prior to the extant historians, partly from oral traditions, and *partly from written documentary sources, the nature of which is imperfectly reported*.' There is a comprehensive phrase! The extant narrative of nearly five centuries was derived (it seems) by Fabius and Cincius, partly from oral traditions, and *partly from written documentary sources*, about which Sir George does not know much; not whether they were not all contemporary with the events, as we certainly know some to have been. But if there were contemporary documents, what else is the man who wrote them but a contemporary chronicler, annalist, or historian? Evidently in so far as the after history was based on these documents, it is as authentic as any history in the world. The documents may have been few, and in consequence the true history discontinuous and fragmentary; but (except by misinterpretation) not less true and less certain on that account. And this appears to us to be Sir George's pervading fallacy; he treats a fragmentary history as essentially fabulous. If he reply, that oral tradition has mingled fable with truth, and that as we have not the original documents, we can no longer disentangle the truth, we admit the difficulty; but it is not confined to the early history: it infects all history; and *it is the duty of criticism to attempt the separation*. Are we to forget that the exploits of the two Scipios in Spain, in Livy's Hannibalic War, have been discredited since Sir Walter Raleigh's criticism? that Thirlwall, and other very eminent modern Greek historians, reject the Peace of Cimon? that Gibbon has rejected the stupendous Persian victory of Alexander Severus? Oral tradition is liable to err; but so is that which we call history, and which at first sight seems well attested. As to the Roman written documents, Sir G. C. Lewis admits (as everybody must admit) that alphabetical writing was known and was used from the time of the kings,—that international treaties were in the earliest times carved in brass, and came down to later ages,—that Fabius found a continuous list of annual magistrates, more or less complete and authentic, ascending to the commencement of the

consular government,—that from the burning of the city there was extant a series of meagre official annals, kept by the chief pontiffs,—that many texts of laws, including the Laws of the Twelve Tables, were preserved, together with notes of ancient usages and rules of customary law, both civil and religious, recorded in the books of the pontiffs; (to which indeed Dionysius, says he refers as containing *ancient stories* also; Dionys. i. 73: G. C. L. vol. i. p. 89): finally, what is perhaps of great importance, though slightly passed over, he admits that the decrees of the senate were from the very beginning written and carefully kept, and (when it was found that the officers garbled them, in order to cheat the people) they were, from after the Decemvirate, deposited in the temple of Ceres, under custody of the plebeian ædiles. Sir George acknowledges that Livy mentions a written record of a decree of the senate, 442 B.C. (vol. i. p. 142); which was fifty-five years before the Gaulish conflagration. At any rate, after the burning of the city, damp and worms were the chief causes of destruction to the decrees of the senate.

To us it appears that these concessions lead to Beaufort's position as the just one; nor does Sir George's reference to Greek history, which occupies his last chapter (69 pages) seem to prove anything else. His conclusion is (vol. ii. p. 551), that 'a *connected account* of the affairs of the principal Greek states begins about a century before the birth of Herodotus; and that a *continuous narrative*' begins from the subjection of the Ionian Greeks to Lydia. Ascending higher, we have first uncertainty, confusion, and at last nearly total darkness. True: but what is this to the purpose? First, a connected account is not identical with a true account; for, as we have said, a fragmentary history, based on contemporary monuments, may be true (seriously, we cannot find whether Sir George consciously means to deny this); next, it is not pretended that the Greek traditions, which plunge us into uncertainty, confusion, and darkness rested on carved monuments and official registers like those of Rome. The entire chapter seems to us gratuitous and misplaced. He has just told us that at Rome there *were* such monuments and registers, only he does not know whether and when and how far they were used; hence he treats it as mere hypothesis (p. 491) to suppose that Fabius learned of the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud from oral tradition, and 'in reducing it to writing *was assisted by some documentary materials* which served to fix the outlines of the transaction.'

We may shortly state his position in the following words:—I admit that there were numerous early written memorials at Rome,—how many I know not; I admit that the memory of a past time is not necessarily lost, *if* 'oral tradition be fixed and

assisted by official record, private documents,' &c. (vol. ii. p. 492.) I cannot deny that Fabius *may* have rested this or that account on some memorial coeval with the event, but I can never *know* that he did: I have nothing but internal evidence (which is mere conjecture and hypothesis) to help me to guess when he did and when he did not; hence I have no materials for a solid judgment; I conclude that all is uncertain, that all criticism is vain, and no more books should be written. We must give his actual words:—

‘All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will in general be wasted. The history of this period, viewed as a series of picturesque narratives, *will be read to the greatest advantage in the original writers, and will be deteriorated by reproduction in a modern dress.* If we regard a historical painting merely as a work of art, the accounts of the ancients can only suffer from being retouched by the pencil of the modern restorer. On the other hand, all attempts to reduce them to a *purely historical* form, by *conjectural omissions*, additions, alterations, transpositions, must be nugatory. The workers on this historical treadmill may continue to grind the air, but they will never produce any valuable result.’—Vol. ii. p. 556.

This is rather cruel of Sir George. He writes a work of 1100 stout pages on the early Roman history, and then implores other people to write no more on the subject. It a little reminds us of Queen Clytæmnestra, who, as Æschylus tells, hewed down her husband with an axe, and then piously prayed that the house might in future be free from intestine murders. Did Sir George not foresee, that as murder produces murder, so a big book of controversy produces another big book? Well! but we accede to his doctrine, that by no conjectural omissions can we reduce the earliest Roman story to a *purely historical* form, if this mean that in no case can we arrive at certain truth. Only (we must retort) that is no reason why we should not make (what he calls) ‘conjectural omissions.’ May we not omit the miracles which presaged the future greatness of Servius Tullius? Is it ‘an arbitrary hypothesis’ that these miracles are credulous inventions? We think he will grant to us, that they *certainly are not* true; but he will not say, it is *as certainly untrue* that Servius instituted the comitia of the centuries, and divided Rome into four tribes or parishes. We think then he has no right to lay down so strongly that internal evidence is no ground for rejecting one part of a tale positively, and retaining another part,—retaining it, not as certain, but as probable.

If we rightly understand Sir George’s canon, it would lead us to results far beyond those which he seems to contemplate. It is not the habit of the ancients to inform us systematically of their sources. They had no foot-notes and references. How

seldom does even Tacitus tell us whence he learnt this or that ! how seldom Plutarch or Dionysius, who means to be most scientific ! If we know that a man has *no* sources of information, we of course reject his evidence as a whole ; but if we know that he had *many* sources, we do not reject his statements barely because he does not tell us on each occasion what he learned from what. Most witnesses mix up their own hypotheses and inferences with dry fact, and leave us without external means of discriminating ; yet many of such witnesses are highly useful, if *due criticism be used*. Sir George appears to us to be making, unawares, a protest against ALL discriminating criticism.

Nor can we concede to him that the narrative ought to be read in the original writers ; in fact, we should draw precisely the opposite conclusion from the doctrines which he presents to us. First indeed we might ask—Is no one to read the tale of early Rome who cannot read it in Latin and Greek ? Are there to be no cultivated persons, male or female, in England, who do not find it expedient to study these difficult languages ? But, dropping this topic, why may we not rather argue as follows ?—*‘All the historical labour bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will in general be wasted.* It is THEREFORE highly inexpedient for the young student to devote his valuable hours to read ten long books of Livy, and the eleven extant books of Dionysius, to say nothing of Diodorus and of certain lives in Plutarch, and the fragments of Appian and Dion Cassius. It is the part of the judicious modern historian to shorten this vast mass of writing into a very narrow compass, proportioned to its slight value. The ancients, who believed all of this to be genuine history, did not grudge elaborate study ; but we who cannot so accept it, must naturally decline to wade through lengthy narratives, many of which are undoubtedly fictitious.’

And here we have to speak of the distinction drawn by so many writers, and particularly insisted on by Rubino, between the constitutional history of Rome and the narratives of wars and adventures of celebrated persons. The former is maintained by Rubino to have a far higher degree of credibility than the latter. The laws and treaties were in great measure consigned to writing at a very early period ; and even where they were handed down by a merely oral doctrine, were connected with permanent institutions—were kept alive by the proceedings of the senate, the courts of justice, and the popular assembly, and were carefully passed on by statesmen and priests to their successors. The latter, on the other hand, were for a long time left to the exclusive keeping of popular tradition ; and from their nature were exposed to the embellishments of fancy, and to the

distortions of national and family pride. Hence the reasons which prove that the later Romans were destitute of an accurate knowledge of the events and circumstances of their early ages, apply almost exclusively to the historical class of traditions, not to those concerning the constitution. Such is Rubino's argument. Sir G. C. Lewis, who is in antagonism, not to Niebuhr only, but also to those who have headed reaction against Niebuhr, differs so vehemently from this, as to avow precisely the opposite judgment. We acknowledge the clearness and force of his argument, though we think it admits of adequate reply:

'No such broad line can be drawn between the history of a constitution and historical events, as this distinction appears to assume. Unless we are more or less informed respecting the events of the history of any country, we cannot follow the progress of its constitution. For example, if we take England during the seventeenth century, we cannot treat its constitutional changes *in vacuo*, and as abstracted from all public transactions and occurrences. The constitutional history of England during that period cannot be understood, unless we are informed as to the nature of the struggle between Charles and the Parliament; the characters of the leaders of the contending parties; the grounds of the civil war and the manner of its outbreak; its progress and final issue; the king's execution; the Protectorate; and, lastly, the restoration of kingly government under Charles II. . . . Without knowing the events and facts, we cannot know that constitutional forms retain the same meaning. The forms of a government may be preserved intact, while its essence and operation have undergone a radical change. They may become a mere mask, behind which the real face is concealed. Among a people like the Romans, who attached great importance to legal forms and to the connexion of religion with the state, it was peculiarly likely that constitutional changes, demanded by the altered state of society, and by the increased power of new classes of the community, should be effected with little apparent departure from ancient usage. A constitutional history, written without a knowledge of events and actions and of the forces silently operating through society, might represent Augustus Caesar as the mere annual magistrate of a free commonwealth, or might suppose that the relations of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria to their respective parliaments were identical.'—Vol. i. p. 126.

We accept the challenge here held out. Let it be supposed that the history of the Emperor Augustus were lost, except a few decrees of the senate and people, in which we read such honours as the following: 1. That Caius Caesar Octavianus shall receive the titles of Augustus and Chief of the Senate and Imperator, with power to assemble the Senate though he hold no magistracy, and a right to lay five propositions before the Senate in priority to the annual consuls. 2. That Cæsar shall possess for his life the power of Censor, of Tribune of the Plebs, and of

Chief Pontiff. 3. That the provinces be divided into Senatorial and Imperial; and that Cæsar as Emperor shall appoint his lieutenants to the command of the armies in the Imperial provinces; and shall hold this power for the next ten years. —Three such documents fill but a few lines, and might survive on a tablet of brass in an age which had no paper or linen books, and which could not write a *history* of Augustus. Surely Sir G. C. Lewis must admit to us, that such dry decrees would at once suffice to prove that Rome had undergone a total revolution and that Augustus was a military despot, although retaining the old republican titles. Nor only so; but we say the imagination of man would so stimulate memory, and the short written documents would so bridle imagination, that oral tradition, in a nation without literary habits, might faithfully retain, for many ages (in fact, so long as the habits and ranks of society, and the old hereditary families survived), a pretty accurate outline of the Cæsarean revolution. All the same applies to Charles I. or to Tarquin. If no documents had survived concerning the English War of the Parliament, except the Petition of Right, and the Warrant for Beheading Charles Stuart, it appears to us certain that these would have sufficed to retain a generally correct oral tradition of the nature, progress, and issue of that great quarrel, in any or all of the great noble families of England, for two, three, four or more centuries. And in this method we cannot doubt the outlines of the early Roman history were retained. During the republic, an approximately correct chronology was kept up in the list of the consuls. The chronology of the regal period is an invention of theory, and the number of kings (in our opinion) wholly uncertain. The history tells of those only, each of whom happens to have had his name attached to some monument, or (in the case of Romulus and Numa, if these are real) by its being typical of a race and dynasty. Sir G. C. Lewis seems to us to misrepresent Rubino as thinking constitutional history can ever be *wholly* disentangled from public events. He says justly that we need to know “more or less” of public events to interpret the constitutional facts. “More or less” means the broad outlines of the national life; and this is just what we actually have, and what Sir George acknowledges *may* have been retained by monuments and by tradition conjoined. It is never to be forgotten, as regards such broad facts as the distress of the people from debts, the call for agrarian laws, invasions of Æqui and Volsci, &c. . . . that we do not, after all, *know* that the statements were *not* registered by a contemporaneous writer. Sir George says, we cannot prove that they were: we reply, he cannot prove that they were not.

Sir G. C. Lewis is a learned man, and we cannot presume to

think that any of our topics can be otherwise than familiar to him ; in fact, he states with much energy and clearness the mutual action of oral tradition and of documentary memorials ; but as it may not be familiar to the reader, it may be usefully here a little enlarged upon. To fix attention, we will select a single case. In Dionysius (iv. 26) we read as follows :—‘ From the moneys contributed by all the Latin cities, Servius built the Temple of Diana on the Aventine, and wrote out the terms of the treaty between them all, and made enactment concerning the feast and the common celebration. And that no time might obliterate them, he set up a brazen pillar, and carved on it the decree of the congress, and the names of all the cities that took part in it. This pillar *remained till my time* in the Temple of Diana, having characters in such Greek letters as ancient Greece used.’

Let us imagine what a contemporary of even Dionysius, and of course all earlier ages, was able to read. It must have been something considerably longer than the following, though antiquity did not indulge in protocols and lawyerlike verbosity :—‘ Servius Tullius, King of Rome, offers on the part of all the Romans alliance with all the cities of the Latins ; to count the same as friend or as enemy, and to have good and faithful commerce everywhere between Romans and Latins, and redress by law for injuries. The Latins accept the alliance. The names of their cities are herewith inscribed. To commemorate the treaty, the Romans and the Latins have at joint expense built this temple to Queen Diana.’

A short *text*, such as this, would be commented on by oral tradition ; and it affords various fixed points to fasten tradition down, and bridle its flightiness and its tendency to gradual change, growth, and perversion. It yields a small number of positive facts, which are as trustworthy to the hundredth generation as to the second. Such are—1. That there was a king of Rome named Servius Tullius ; 2. That Rome under him dealt in public treaty as on a par with the Latin cities collectively ; 3. In fact, the Latins yielded primacy to Rome, in agreeing that the temple be built at Rome, and the inscription set up there ; 4. The treaty virtually united Rome and Latium into a single military power ; 5. It made Rome the centre and head of that power, since no single city of the Latins could compete with her, when she competed with them collectively.—Surely we need not press how the memory of the character and events of Servius’s reign must have been stimulated by the existence of such a document. We will not venture on any general doctrine, that the human memory is more tenacious in countries which make little use of writing ; for we think this depends upon *motive*

and developed tendencies. But we know that the ancient Romans were intensely attached to precedent ; and they are the first people known to us who had family surnames and a hereditary policy in families ; which strongly suggests a careful constitutional and historical teaching from father to son.

‘A nation which held so strictly to legal and constitutional precedent in the administration of public affairs, and to an established course of practice, must have possessed an accredited, if not an authentic and true tradition respecting its past transactions ; respecting its former successes, dangers, and reverses ; respecting its great men and their great deeds ; respecting the origins of the political forms, the military regulations, and the religious institutes round which their patriotic feelings clustered, and which, in their belief, were the sources of their power and greatness. The leading families of the state, in whom the high and important offices, civil and religious, were almost hereditary, who furnished a succession of consuls, prætors, censors, quæstors, and pontiffs to the Roman people, and who successively contributed members to the dignified Roman Senate, were doubtless the depositaries of a traditionary belief respecting the past ages of the city.’—Ib. p. 83.

Thus the historical consciousness was not merely born ; it was active and eager. The Roman nobility lived *in* and *for* their polity ; the knowledge of the past was with them the foundation of morals, the source of power, the means and strength of administration. Law and morals were alike historical ; and can we doubt that historical teaching was cultivated and historical monuments valued ? After books of continuous history had been produced, these were read, and the brazen pillars and linen books were comparatively neglected ; but before systematic books were written, Sir George, we think, will allow, that young men who aspired to become senators, would necessarily read all public documents of antiquity, including decrees of the senate, and glean up oral comments upon them. ‘Who was this Servius ?’ would each young Roman, after reading the treaty with the Latins, ask his father. ‘He was the last good King of Rome ; a Latin by birth, and highly acceptable to the Latins ; he it was who established the now existing parliaments, though they were temporarily destroyed by the usurper and tyrant who murdered him.’ If this reply was true, surely it is one which oral tradition (aided by the treaty) was competent to preserve, not for two generations only, but for as long time as there was no social revolution and breach of continuity in Rome itself.

But let it further be remembered, that while even one such monument as this of Servius would greatly aid tradition, it would hardly be the only one, and we know it was not. Sir G. C. Lewis admits that the treaty of Tarquin the Proud with

the Gabii, and of the same with the Sabines, existed till the days of Horace. Every such additional document, *where the historical effort has developed itself*, is of ever increasing importance in fastening down tradition; just as two fixed points give to a body more than double the fixity of one fixed point, and three fixed points make a mechanism actually immoveable. Documents which are neglected, of course go for nothing; but in patrician Rome, no important document of antiquity could be *neglected*, though it was sometimes purposely *falsified*, to damage the plebeian order. Thus even allowing to Sir G. C. Lewis that there were no written family memorials, biographies, partial chronicles, other than the pontiff's books; allowing further (though we hold this most unreasonable) that *all the decrees of the senate* had perished before the days of Fabius; still, oral tradition, based on public monuments, was by no means a despicable source of knowledge.

Sir George knows all these topics as well as we do; he himself furnishes both facts and arguments, and then draws precisely the opposite conclusions from us.

'It is impossible to say we have been able to discover any solid or stable foundation for the history. . . . The narrative is principally composed of events which we can trace to no *determinate* source. We can scarcely *place our finger on any fact*, and affirm with reasonable confidence that it was taken from the *Annales Maximi* of *such a year*, that it was derived from the memoirs of *such a family*, or from the funeral orations of *such a man*, that it was founded on *such a ballad* or poem, or on an oral tradition preserved in *such a district*, in *such a college* of priests, in *such a line* of public officers, or in *such a family* or *gens*. If, therefore, we require that a historical account *should rest on the testimony of known and assignable witnesses, whose credibility can be scrutinized and judged*, we shall find ourselves compelled to WITHHOLD OUR BELIEF from the history of Rome, down to the landing of Pyrrhus in Italy.'—*Ib.* pp. 264, 265.

We have at last, after long floundering through these volumes, got our eye fixed on the sentence which sharply marks the point on which we and Sir George part company. '*If we require*,'—he says: but we do not require it. We cannot require it, without rejecting contemporary narrative; for instance, without rejecting the accounts in Thucydides, or in Tacitus, who are esteemed the most anxiously correct historians of antiquity. We open Thucydides at random, in order to test a passage by Sir George's canon. We read:—'The Bœotians instantly sent for darters and slingers from the Melian Bay; and since, after the battle, 2000 heavy armed Corinthians, &c., came to help them; they marched against Delium, and attacked the fortifications,' &c.

Hereupon we ask. Was Thucydides in person at Delium at that time? He does not say so, and if any modern suspects that he was, it is an *unsupported hypothesis*, in our opinion improbable. Who then told Thucydides of the facts? Is the witness *known and assignable*? Produce him, that we may *scrutinize and judge of his credibility*. May he not have been a liar? &c. But you cannot produce him. You cannot *lay your finger* on any single incident in the siege, and say, Thucydides learned it from *such* a general, from *such* a spy, from *such* a deserter, from *such* a sailor, from the note-book of *such* a foot traveller, of *such* a merchant, &c.

Sir George of course will reply, that we must *assume* Thucydides to have used his means of information diligently and wisely, although he does not tell us distinctly *who* were his informants on each separate occasion; that human witnesses are not immortal, and could not be produced, so as to enable us to judge of their credibility; that it suffices for us to know *in general* that Thucydides *had* means of knowledge, and to presume that he was willing and able to avail himself of those means; that we are free to criticize his works, to judge of his capacity, but must not claim to rehear his witnesses;—a claim which obviously overthrows all history. This is true: but it is Sir George's own canon which enacts the overthrow.

No contemporary author of antiquity gave his authorities in detail; and we are always satisfied to accept them in the lump. But do therefore no errors arise? Are all narratives of contemporaries equally trustworthy? Surely we discriminate one narrator from another, testing their trustworthiness in various ways, by external or by internal evidence. All the same applies to narratives of earlier events. Lapse of time is not the sole difficulty in the way of ascertaining truth, nor are the safeguards against error different in principle whether time or space be our difficulty. A speech printed in a newspaper, and attributed to an English minister in Parliament, is unhesitatingly believed at the ends of the earth, though the reporter, the press, the very name of the journal, happen to be unknown. The same speech, if attributed to the same man in the Privy Council, will be disbelieved, *until* it be shown how the reporter got access, and other accessory proof be given. Just so Sir G. C. Lewis disbelieves speeches recorded by Livy (or Fabius) in the Carthaginian senate, though Fabius was a contemporary. We thus see clearly that the main condition for credibility of *details* lies in a *general* belief that sources of knowledge are open to reporters. Without this, we not only do not give credence (as, to a history of affairs in the moon), but we do not even criticize. Sir George remains in this same posture, unless, farther, we know

what particular original witness guaranteed each particular statement. *How*, for instance, did Fabius know that Tarquin the Proud did not die on the throne of Rome? In what particular family was there an oral tradition to this effect? On what particular written memorial was this grounded? Was it positively asserted in some decree of the senate which Fabius had read? We cannot answer: we *know* absolutely nothing: there is therefore nothing even to criticize, says Sir George. This, we avow, annihilates all history whatever. We maintain, that where intelligible sources of truth are conceded to have been open, a narrative is *primâ facie* admissible for criticism, and may in the result be firmly believed, even if we can in no one instance lay our finger on a fact, and state on what particular information it was first recorded.

Every student of the early Roman history feels a strong conviction that it is a real world, not a fiction, with which he is dealing. To have *invented* such a history, would have been an achievement of first-rate genius. To use Sir George's own phrase, the inventor must have been a 'Roman Defoe,' endowed with a perversely applied faculty, aiming to overthrow precedent, law, tradition, everything in which a Roman nature prided itself, by obtruding on his countrymen ingenious fiction. In vol. ii. p. 444, speaking of the controversy between the dictator Papirius and Fabius his lieutenant, Sir George writes: 'The whole of this remarkable transaction is narrated by Livy in great detail. It contains nothing improbable, and it is highly characteristic of the Roman notions respecting the maintenance of military discipline; but as it *could not* have been recorded by any contemporary historian' [annalist? chronicler? memorialist?] 'we are at a loss to know from what authentic source Livy could have derived his circumstantial account.' *Could not!* This is rather strong, when all that he has a right to say is,—We have not been informed from *what* contemporary writing it was derived. Perhaps Niebuhr might reverse the argument by saying: 'So circumstantial an account obviously *must* have come from an old annalist contemporaneous to the event.' But neither would we justify that inference. A continuous narrative, impressing the imagination and illustrative of Roman discipline, may well have been traditional, and amplified in later times. A far stronger argument for Niebuhr in proof of 'memoirs' is based on the petty isolated facts which we often meet in the pages of Livy, exactly such as are chronicled in an almanac, but such as no rhetorical historian invents, and no enthusiast could believe himself inspired to state. Niebuhr is wrong in *resting* anything at all on his hypothetical annalists; but the more we think of Sir George's decisive *disproof* of their existence, the more it surprises us,

from one who lays down positively that Dionysius was aiming at truth. This historian complains (i. 6) that Fabius and Cincius, who 'wrote accurately the events at which they were present, ran summarily over the ancient events;' which is Dionysius's reason for giving those ancient events at great length. Yet Sir George (vol i. pp. 37, 81, 196) produces the passage as proof positive that Dionysius knew of no written sources for history earlier than Fabius. Hence Dionysius is made to say: 'Since Fabius has written in so meagre a style, and *I have no other materials than the work of Fabius, I propose to narrate the history in full.*' Surely, Niebuhr may reply; the truer view of Dionysius's argument is: 'Since Fabius, hurrying to his own times, *has neglected to use many written documents which still exist, I intend to avail myself of these to fill out the history.*' This would be the right interpretation, if Dionysius were Hallam. But we do not think he understood what are the conditions of truth: we believe rhetoric to have been his chief aim, and that, like Niebuhr, he trusted his own insight to reconstruct in fulness a history preserved only in outline. To us the passages in Dionysius seem to be wholly neutral, neither proving nor disproving Niebuhr's 'annalists.'

If we know a tale to have been worked up out of a poem, the rule is absurd which directs to drop whatever is marvellous and believe all the rest. The residue thus obtained has no more *primâ facie* title to be accepted as history, than the marvels which we have dropped. But when a tale has been made up like that of early Rome, by a studious effort to recover the past, even if from mere traditional explanations, orally transmitted, of treaties and monuments, *it is, à priori, probable* that there will be some truth in it. Hence, when that part which ministers to national or patrician arrogance or to the love of the marvellous is dropped, it is not unreasonable to esteem the residue,—not indeed as ascertained truth, but as an approach to truth, which is to be received until disproved. We have tried to find a point of reconciliation with Sir George in a rigid interpretation of the word *history*. He wants to get rid of *hypothesis*. He is sarcastic against the word *perhaps*. He aims at actual certainty. But he will never get it thus. Every human utterance which intends to state fact is blended with inference: the very judgments of sense are full of inference. Speculation and hypothesis domineer in the reports of the most simple-minded. The word *perhaps* honestly warns the reader not to mistake a speculation for a fact; and after all, to know that a speculation *is* a speculation secures that it shall not deceive, even if it be erroneous. Nothing could be more unendurably slavish than to *commit to memory* the old Roman tales without believing them, and with-

out speculating how much of them is credible ; without venturing on 'conjectural omissions' or 'hypothetical reconciliations.' To set young people to such work, would be ingenious torment. Much better were it to burn all the books at once. We do not read them as beautiful poems ; but first, because the Romans believed them, and we are thus aided in understanding their minds ; next, because we think that they contain *some* historical truth. 'How much?' is of course more or less hypothetical, whether Sir George likes it or not. Nor only so ; but the memory refuses to retain a load of wholly isolated events. We must be allowed to string them together by some hypothesis ; and this, however unproved, we say is harmless, so long as its nature is distinctly remembered.

But Sir George forbids our revising the moral judgments of antiquity ! Here again, we think his reaction against Niebuhr and the whole modern school to be extravagant. Livy tells us that a Roman knight, Spurius Mælius, hoping to become elected to the consulship, distributed corn freely to the people in time of dearth. The aristocracy took the alarm, and appointed a dictator to control him. The dictator sent his master-of-the-horse, Servilius, to command Mælius to come before him. Mælius, not relishing martial law, refused, and invoked the judgment of the people ; whereupon Servilius killed him on the spot, and the dictator justified the deed. Since it was not pretended that there was any difficulty in arresting Mælius and bringing him to trial, if he was engaged in a conspiracy to make himself tyrant, the moderns regard this imputation as an after-invention of the patricians to justify an atrocious murder ; especially since the imputation is intrinsically improbable, and is almost stultified by Livy's addition that the tribunes were in the plot. Yet, because all the ancient writers uniformly treat Servilius as a patriot, Mælius as a criminal, Sir George C. Lewis tells us that we must not think of reversing their decision in the deficiency of our information. Nay, but the facts, *as deposed by them*, show their judgment to have been perverted, here, as so often beside, by unjust patrician sympathies.

But while we resist what appears to us an extravagant prohibition on the part of Sir George, we here also see the extreme in Niebuhr, and indeed in Arnold, from which he is justly receding—viz., the omniscience with which they seem to decide concerning the moral characters in that early era, and the passionate censure in which the former indulges. When we consider how hard it is to learn certainly the character and motives of living statesmen in our own country, the accurate acquaintance of Niebuhr with early Romans seems to us to border on the ridiculous. Sir George, indeed, appears to laugh in his sleeve at Niebuhr's

knowledge where this and that ancient historian had gained his information. We also commend the following sensible remarks to the reader's attention :—

‘With respect to the indifference about remote antiquity which Niebuhr attributes to Polybius, it may have arisen from a belief that all labour in investigating it will be lost; and it is certain that if he had attempted to penetrate the obscurity which enveloped the primitive history of the Italian nations, his endeavour would have been fruitless. The history had not been written, and the traditionary memory was long since extinct. This censure of Polybius for not informing himself about the history of a period for which no authentic materials existed, may be compared with a similar censure cast on him by Dr. Arnold for his ignorance of geography [the geography of the Alps]: the fact being, that geography had, in the time of Polybius, been very little cultivated; that there were no accurate maps or geographical treatises; and that no means existed of acquiring an accurate idea of the geography of any country. It was, therefore, just as impossible to Polybius to be a good geographer as to be a good astronomer or a good chemist.’—*Ib.* p. 130.

Let us now endeavour to sum up the distinct positions assumed at different stages in this whole subject.

The first is, to believe everything which was written by antiquity; and when ancient writers contradict one another, to reverse both alternately, and try to believe both.

The second, to believe all that is narrated unanimously, but select by our own preference, or by some kind of criticism, where there is variety.

The third, to take the additional liberty of rejecting whatever is miraculous, or otherwise strongly opposed to *à priori* probabilities.

The fourth, to inquire what evidence was present to the first writers, and to reject whatever they tell beyond the sphere in which we think they had information.

The fifth, to examine the internal growth of society and of the constitution, and on the *assumption* of internal congruity and continuous development, allow of speculative remark or judgment, negative and positive, which tends to bind the history together; but at the same time carefully and sharply separating between ancient statement and modern speculation.

The sixth, to demand to know on what *particular* evidence each *particular* statement was made by ancient writers; and on finding it is impossible to answer, pronounce that all belief is groundless, all speculation vain, all preference of one part to another gratuitous, all historical writing a grinding of the air, all moral criticism a foppery :—*yet*, exhorting people to read (and remember?) on the subject, the ample volumes of the ancients.

We stop short in the fourth and fifth stages ; Sir G. C. Lewis would bring us into the sixth. Niebuhr practically modifies the fifth as follows :—

Fifthly, on the *assumption* of a peculiar development discerned by Niebuhr's insight, and by divining strange misinterpretations of lost writers made by Livy and Dionysius, to reconstruct the history speculatively, and take all possible pains to make the reader unaware, *when* he is receiving ancient statement, and *when* modern speculation.

Sir G. C. Lewis has not, in our opinion, added anything of argumentative importance to what many have written against Niebuhr ; but as a *protest*, his work has much moral weight. It will be felt in England. It will not (as he wishes) hinder the writing of the early Roman history ; but it will lead to writing it far more concisely and less ambitiously than by Niebuhr and Arnold.

ART. V.—*A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. In Two Volumes. 8vo. London : Longman & Co. 1855.

A MORE delightful book than this has rarely fallen under our notice. When the great causes of civilization, humanity, and freedom walk, as John Bunyan would say, 'in silver slippers,' we are apt to forget those great and good men who laboured for their promotion amidst disadvantage and obloquy, and only to remember those whose heroic self-sacrifice was crowned with the honours of martyrdom. Even some of these exist but as *nebulae* in our maps and catalogue of the historical firmament, and 'their ashes flew no marble tells us whither.' For two reasons the memory of Sydney Smith will be exempt from these conditions. The first is, that he eventually obtained as much of wealth and fame, of patronage and distinction, as could be embraced within the limits of an innocent ambition ; and the second is, that his qualities of mind, whether intellectual or moral, appeal irresistibly to those sympathies which can never decay while human nature continues in a civilized and especially in a progressive condition. A finer intellect, embellished with more varied accomplishments, a wit more original, exuberant, and refined, a more comprehensive appreciation of human rights, a more generous and tender heart, were perhaps never seen than

in the fascinating subject of these Memoirs. In the entirety of his character he reminds us of the language of South on the emotion of joy as existing in the mind of Adam unfallen. 'It was refreshing but composed, like the gaiety of youth tempered with the gravity of age, or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation.'

There is an inexpressible charm about the character of Sydney Smith, as delineated in the pages before us. His early scholarship was ripened by habitual study. No subject which could affect human interests—from the deepest principles of political government and the highest abstractions of metaphysical philosophy, down to the simplest cookery and medicine which can meet the wants and enhance the humble comfort of a rural parish—was foreign to his investigation. His friendships with the men most distinguished in his age by rank, learning, genius, and political power, had nothing about them of the stately rigidity which too often marks and mars such connexions, but were pervaded and imbued with a sort of fraternal affection. Indeed, his very countenance was illuminated with the inner virtues which his simplicity could not conceal, and his witty delineation of a poor clergyman whose face he represented as 'expressive of the cardinal virtues and the ten commandments,' is somewhat eclipsed in its effect by the intervention of the image of the author. In a word, it may be said of him, as was said of Charles Fox, 'that he was made to be loved;' and so charming was he in all the relations of life, that we seem to envy all who were connected with him, from his wife, his children, and his friends, down to his humblest dependents—his servants, his parish clerk, and his poor parishioners, all of whom possessed in him an endeared and inalienable property.

Our chief regret in reviewing the career of Sydney Smith is that he was forced into that which was to him at first distasteful, and to the last we fear a mere profession—the ministry of the Gospel. Not that Mr. Smith was insensible to the grandeur of the Christian religion, nor that his outward character was such as could disgrace it by any departures from its practical morality, nor that he was wanting in the assiduity and beneficence of pastoral ministration; but that, in one word, the explicit preaching of the Gospel was not his vocation; it was not a voluntary and therefore not a reasonable service. His mind was eminently practical: a doctrinaire was his aversion; and under these combined conditions he failed to recognise the fact, that all that is valuable in religion springs out of intelligent notion and earnest faith. As a supplement to the essence of Christian preaching, Mr. Smith's sermons were admirable, but as a preacher he was an architect, and not a builder; his designs, though never florid,

were chaste and classical to the last degree, but he entrusted the foundations to the contractor.

‘It will be seen,’ says Lady Holland, ‘and in justice to my father it ought not to be forgotten, that he entered the Church out of consideration for, and in obedience to, the wishes of his father; and like his friend Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, with a strong natural bias towards another profession, so that in his passage through life he had often to exercise control over himself, and to make a struggle to do that which is comparatively easy to those who have embraced their profession from taste and inclination alone. But having entered the Church from a sense of duty, I think the narrative will show that he made duty his guide through life—that he honoured his profession, and was honoured in it by those who had the best opportunities, of observing him—that, ever ready to perform its humblest duties, he gathered (as he says) from the study of the Bible that the highest duty of a clergyman was to calm religious hatreds and spread religious peace and toleration.’—Vol. i Preface, p. ix.

Were we to set ourselves to the selection of the chief duties of one who had professed himself ‘inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office and ministration,’ neither of those here specified would have suggested themselves to our mind. But thus it must ever be with a system which proposes the Christian ministry only as a rival profession to the army, the navy, and the law; a profession which its own members have frequently designated as a lottery with its prizes and its blanks; the prizes being allotted by wealth, patronage, or political compromise, with as little regard to qualification as common decency and the safety of the system necessitate, and the blanks assigned to those who may be intellectually and morally superior to bishops, or in both respects far below the village schoolmaster.

The obtrusion of Sydney Smith against his will into an office fenced round with such solemn guarantees of personal earnestness is never alluded to by him, for the purpose either of condemning others or of defending himself. Nevertheless we find him putting forth that which, though not expressly, is virtually an apology for the ethical character of his ministry.

‘A distinction,’ he says, ‘is set up with the usual inattention to the meaning of words between moral and religious subjects of discourse, as if every moral subject must not necessarily be a Christian subject. If Christianity concern itself with our present as well as our future happiness, how can any virtue, or the doctrine which inculcates it, be considered as foreign to our sacred religion? Has our Saviour forbidden justice, proscribed mercy, benevolence, and good faith? or, when we state the more sublime motives for their cultivation which we derive from revelation, why are we not to display the temporal motives also, and to give solidity to elevation by fixing piety upon interest?’—Ib. pp. 44, 45.

To very many readers this exposition of opinion will appear both sound and admirable ; but we fear, or rather we hope, that it will not bear investigation. If the Bible contained only the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus, and the Sermon on the Mount, we might regard these views as held by a minister of religion in a different light ; but if we place this paragraph in one scale, and in the other a passage which commences with the words, 'The love of Christ constraineth us, because, &c.,' we shall hardly think this the right principle to be held by a minister of the Gospel. To commend the beauty of the Christian virtues is one thing, to nourish the great principles from which they spring is another, and a very different thing ; and between the two there is all the difference that there is between nourishing a plant and descanting on its efflorescence, or between that plant as it thrives perennial in the soil, and those cut flowers which adorn the dress for an hour, and then die of disjunction from their root. Mahomet might, with the materials available to him, have constructed a code of morals correct, lifeless, and impracticable, 'a piety fixed upon interest ;' but it is the intrinsic principles of the Gospel alone which can amalgamate that code with the nature of man, and superinduce as a living and motive instinct what without that vitalizing touch would be a naked and an abstract plan.

In a word, the effect of Mr. Smith's reasoning is to show that the Christian religion has in it nothing new and peculiar, and does not constitute a specific addition to our moral notions and motives, so that the Christian teacher has no special advantage over Socrates and Cicero, neither of whom any more than our own Saviour 'forbade justice' or 'proscribed mercy, benevolence, and good faith.'

The passage on which we have commented occurs in a preface published by Mr. Smith as early as the year 1801, which opens some further glimpses into Mr. Smith's professional character and views. To these we must point attention as being thoroughly characteristic, though they will not require to be further illustrated or refuted than by the occasional use of italics : 'The clergy,' he says, 'are allowed about twenty-six hours every year for the instruction of their fellow-creatures, and I cannot help thinking this short time had better be employed on practical subjects, in explaining and enforcing that conduct which the spirit of Christianity requires, and which *mere worldly happiness* commonly coincides to recommend. These are the topics *nearest the heart*, which make us more fit for this *and a better world*, and do all the good *that sermons ever will do.*'

On the next page we find a coincidence which may well excite a smile, namely, that of Mr. Smith adopting precisely the same

train of observation which we find in Foster's 'Essay on the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion,' as to the habitual use of the antiquated phraseology of our authorized version of the Scriptures, almost the same phrases being selected for condemnation—'the old man,' 'the new man,' 'the one thing needful,' &c.

He next puts forth his strength in portraying the chilling dulness of the established clergy, though why he should designate the dissenting minister, whom he so favourably contrasts with the clergyman both as to the outward propriety and the success of his ministry, as a semi-delirious sectary, it is hard to conjecture, except on the principle of Dryden :

'It is their duty, all the learned think,
To praise the means by which they eat and drink.'

This is not worthy of Mr. Smith, simply because it is absurd. Can he seriously have meant to record an opinion that the great bulk of his contemporary dissenting brethren, whose ministry attracted the largest numbers, were 'semi-delirious sectaries'? If not, this aspersion should not in truth and honour have found its way into a serious publication like the preface before us. There is a more ingenuous method of escaping from a false position than a loose reprobation of those whose principles were too sternly honest to allow of their placing themselves in a similar situation. His conversational jokes on the same subject we can heartily enjoy: for example, in allusion to his extreme debility in an illness, he says,—'I am so weak, that if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have vigour enough to stick a dissenter.' On another occasion he says,—'If a midshipman is to be mastheaded for neglect of duty, I for my part do not see why a parishioner should not be weathercocked for not paying his tithes.' Six years afterwards, however, he published a sermon on Toleration, preached in the Temple Church, the preface to which contains a passage of so opposite a tendency that it is due to his memory to insert it. 'Charity towards those who dissent from us on religious opinions is always a proper subject for the pulpit. If such discussions militate against the views of any particular party, the fault is not in him who is thus erroneously said to introduce politics into the church, but in those who have really brought the church into politics.'

The paragraph on the clergy which has led to these observations is as follows:—

'A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the extacies of joy and fear with a voice and face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no

more than wipe his face with his cambrie sudarium ; if by mischance his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigid sameness. Is it wonder then that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton ? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit ? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body ; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head and foot with a thousand voices. Why is this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone ? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety ? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner ? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber ? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling.—Ib. pp. 45, 46.

One more characteristic sentence shall close our notice of this preface. He says,—‘ There is always a want of grandeur in attributing great events to little causes, but this is in some small degree compensated for by truth. I am convinced we should do no great injury to the cause of religion if we remembered the old combination of *aræ et foci*, and kept our churches a little warmer !’

Amidst the circumstances we have noticed, it is not remarkable that Mr. Smith’s companionships are found among the literary and the cultivated of our nobility and statesmen, and that we scarcely find among them a single individual whose religious principles and habits distinguished him from the fashionable world. Amidst all the brilliant conversation, and all the confidential correspondence recorded in these volumes, we do not recollect a single instance in which Sydney Smith was recognised as a minister of religion, while many of his choicest witticisms are barbed with a sly satire upon the church to which he belonged. Thus we find (vol. ii. p. 143), ‘ M., I see, retires from his present situation to sit in judgment upon the lives and properties of his fellow creatures. When a man is a fool, in England, we only trust him with the *immortal* concerns of human beings.’ Again, in a letter to Mrs. Baring (vol. ii. p. 351),—‘ What is real piety ? What is true attachment to the church ? How are these fine feelings best evinced ? The answer is plain. By sending strawberries to a clergyman.’ In another place he sentences a certain dean, whose conversation was uncommonly dull, ‘ to be preached to death by wild curates ;’—a parody on a well-known

phrase which reminds us of another frolic of his to a lady who was utterly unable to understand the joke, and who was complaining of the oppressive heat of the weather,—‘That he had been compelled to take off his flesh and sit in his bones.’ To the last, his tendency to joke upon the Church never deserted him; and shortly before his death we find the following passage in a letter to the Countess of Carlisle:—‘I am in a regular train of promotion; from gruel, vermicelli, and sago, I was promoted to panada; from thence to minced meat; and (such is the effect of good conduct) I was elevated to a mutton-chop. My breathlessness and giddiness are gone, chased away by the gout. If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me.’ His joke about the paving of St. Paul’s Churchyard with wooden blocks is well known, though not recorded in these volumes. On one of the canons objecting that a sufficient number of the blocks could not be obtained, he blandly observed, ‘that that difficulty might be easily overcome if his reverend brethren would lay their heads together.’

In mitigation of our censure upon Sydney Smith’s mode of preaching as being deficient in the essential characteristic of evangelical doctrine, we must do him the justice to say that his moral teaching was distinguished by the highest degree of soundness, pathos, and eloquence; and we must yield to the temptation to extract a single passage from a sermon preached for the benefit of those who were deprived of sight, and in circumstances of indigence.

‘I implore you by the Son of David, have mercy on the blind. If there is not pity for all sorrows, turn the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate. Let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence be assailed by any of its sorrows; the eyes which are never gladdened by light should never stream with tears. How merciful our blessed Saviour was wont to show himself to their afflictions. Blind Bartimeus sat by the wayside begging, and as the crowd passed by he cried with a loud voice, ‘Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!’ Jesus stopped the multitude, and before them all restored to him his sight. The first thing he saw, who never saw before, was the Son of his God. These blind people, like Bartimeus, will never see till they behold their Redeemer on the last day, not as he then was, in his earthly shape, but girded by all the host of heaven—the Judge of Nations, the everlasting Counsellor, the Prince of Peace. At that hour this heaven and earth will pass away, and all things melt with fervent heat, but in the wreck of worlds no tittle of mercy shall perish, and the deeds of the just shall be recorded in the mind of God.’—*Ib.* pp. 59, 60.

Such passages as these, characterized by deep feeling and no ordinary amount of eloquence, were not the exceptions to Sydney

Smith's ministry ; yet is it uncharitable to say that his preaching was more adapted to endear man to his fellow man than to bring the sinner to God ? Can we be wrong in pronouncing that he sought to lead men through the paths of morals into the labyrinth of faith, instead of pointing them to that great evangelical centre from which all moral duty emanates ? and may we not sigh over his ministerial teachings as 'being not far from the kingdom of God ?'

Mr. Smith's debut as a clergyman was in the character of curate at Netherhaven, a parish in the middle of Salisbury-plain. 'The squire of the parish,' he says, 'Mr. Beach, took a fancy to me, and after I had served it two years he engaged me as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that I and his son should proceed to the University of Weimar in Saxony. We set out, but before reaching our destination Germany was disturbed by war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' It was during this period that he made the acquaintance of Brougham, Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, and others, in connexion with whom he launched the 'Edinburgh Review,' of which he was the original editor. His connexion with this celebrated work was the great event of his literary life. He informed it from the beginning with his own genius, and to use the illustration of Horace—the new cask long retained the odour of the generous wine infused into it by Sydney Smith. We are inclined to believe that no single work extant in any language contains such stupendous variety and depth of knowledge, such amplitude of suggestive illustration, such manly and correct views on most of the greatest subjects such a condensation of all the beauties of ancient and modern literature, such force and purity of style, such depth of argumentation with such phosphorescent illumination of wit and eloquence upon its surface, as the 'Edinburgh Review.' If men, young or old, smitten with a love of those intellectual and literary acquisitions which circumstances have denied to themselves, desire to supplement their deficiencies, let them master to absolute familiarity the 'Edinburgh Review.' The rich and racy delight of many of its classical, historical, and scientific allusions will necessarily be lost upon them, as appealing to a lacking sense ; but we repeat our conviction, that the most effective supplement of a defective education to a vigorous and ambitious intellect, is a thorough acquaintance with the 'Edinburgh Review.' It is the inner treasury and strong-room of English literature, where, instead of heaps of small coin, they will find the paper of the intellectual millionaire, the deeds and titles to vast domains, and, as compared with the innumerable tomes of anterior literature, what Mr. Burke calls 'a ton of ancient pomp condensed into a phial of modern luxury.' If Sydney

Smith had only inaugurated the 'Edinburgh Review,' he would have made his name and fame as lasting as the literature of his country.

The merit of Mr. Smith's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' is the more remarkable from the comparative unimportance of the subjects which he frequently undertook. Though utilitarianism was his abhorrence, yet the practical character of his mind and the humanity of his disposition led him not unfrequently to such topics as the Game Laws, Man-traps and Spring-guns, Climbing Boys, &c. But his was a mind which invested with a sort of æsthetical interest every subject which he touched;—*nullum teligit quod non ornavit*. Indeed it was well said of him, 'that if he had not been the greatest and most brilliant of wits, he would have been the most remarkable man of his time for a sound and vigorous understanding and great reasoning powers; and if he had not been distinguished for these, he would have been the most eminent and the purest writer of English.' A writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in an article published since we commenced this paper, takes some exception against this eulogy, emanating as it does most naturally from the pen of his son-in-law, Sir Henry Holland, and in this, as in some other respects, the writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' somewhat disappoints us by what we think a too low estimate of Sydney Smith's talents and merits. We confess our acquiescence in Sir Henry Holland's panegyric, and certainly, if that opinion is to be shaken, it must be by a criticism far more convincing than that of the Edinburgh reviewer. He instances, as examples of an impure style, the humorous introduction of classical words in his happy descriptions, such as a curate wiping his face with his cambric *sudarium*, and the like. This, we confess, appears to us most superficial criticism, and the observation which follows it appears to us absolutely silly:—'This is certainly not pure English; it is not even popular writing like De Foe's, or Swift's, or Cobbett's. It is *caviare* to the multitude, and would require to be interpreted for the benefit of the ladies and the country gentlemen.' This is simply ridiculous, as exemplified in this very sentence, for what do the multitude know about *caviare*, and as to country gentlemen, he utterly stultifies himself by immediately adding, 'that is, if the country gentlemen did not constitute one of the most highly educated classes of our society.' This is very much as if he had said that a definition of the parallax would be utterly unintelligible to astronomers, if they were not as well acquainted with it as they are with their multiplication table. We must adduce one further instance of this critic's inappreciation of the subject he had in hand. He says, 'Many of his allusive expressions, rich with the raciest humour, could not be

enjoyed beyond the political circles of the metropolis. He wrote for the meridian of Holland House, and one reason why he, notwithstanding, exercised such wide-spread influence, is to be found in the aristocratic constitution of our legislature.' This is somewhat singular from the pen of a writer, who has declared in the same page that *country gentlemen* constitute one of the most highly educated classes of our society. The allusion to the aristocratic constitution of our legislature is singularly absurd, inasmuch as the writer, after one moment's consideration, will agree with us, that for every one member of our aristocratic legislature there are five hundred who would profoundly appreciate the beauties of Sydney Smith, and who would lie in the direct meridian of Holland House; while not a few of our aristocratic legislators would, in the comparison, lie so far without the geographical limit, as to realize the epithet of Virgil—

Penitus divisos orbe Britannos.

We must say that the Edinburgh criticism, from which we had naturally entertained great anticipations, disappoints us.

After five years' residence in Edinburgh, we find Mr. Smith settled in London, and making the acquaintance of some of the most distinguished men in the liberal party; and his next change is thus described by himself. 'A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher, I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage house.'

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, were delivered, at the Royal Institution, the lectures first printed for private circulation by Mrs. Sydney Smith in 1849, and subsequently published under the title of 'Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy.' Did our limits permit, we should present an analysis of these brilliant and beautiful lectures. We must content ourselves with presenting a single extract from one lecture on Wit and Humour, which constitutes, as we think, a most happy though unintentional portrait of himself:—

'The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dumbest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were inextricably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much *better* than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion

ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then, a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind*! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and laughter, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'—Vol. i. p. 40.

Up to the year 1829, Sydney Smith continued at Foston, where his pursuits were rural enough, and his social tastes occasionally regaled by visits to and from some of his most distinguished friends. A few reminiscences of these are found in his *Memoirs*.

'I turned schoolmaster to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive, so I caught up a little garden girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the country.'—*Ib.* pp. 157, 159.

Mrs. Marcet, the well-known author of '*Conversations on Science*,' was witness to one of Sydney Smith's most amusing demonstrations of his success in the tuition of Bunch, which is thus recorded:—

"Come here, Bunch!" (calling out to her) "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle-fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle-fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open, and not attending, sir." "And what is curtsy-bobbing?" "Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please sir." "Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on state occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."—*Ib.* pp. 185, 186.

And here we must quit for a moment our indulgence in Sydney's genial wit, to make a graver allusion to his behaviour to

his servants. He once told a friend who was querulous on the subject, that he 'never had a bad servant, because he always studied their comforts; and that, he said, is one receipt for securing good servants.' And a note on this passage informs us 'that he hardly ever lost a servant, except from the circumstance of marriage or death.' The dying words of Mr. Justice Talfourd still linger in the ears of the public, 'That the crying vice of society is the lack of social sympathy, insomuch that we do not know if the servants who wait upon us day by day have parents, brothers, or sisters, or anything indeed of their dearest personal interests.' Sydney Smith was a most benign exception to this rule; he compelled the love of his humblest domestics, one of whom, having served him, and enjoyed the crumbs of his society through his life, attended him in his death, and not long after mingled her dust with his. A beautiful instance of his fond condescension is recorded in these pages. Accompanied by some distinguished visitor, he called upon his parish clerk, who was laid aside by a serious accident, which forbade his performing his duties at the church:—

'Ah!' he said, 'I shall miss you very much next Sunday morning, especially in the singing.' Then turning to his friend, 'If you were to hear him lead off the Old Hundredth, you would be delighted.' "Oh, sir!" said the old clerk, with tears in his eyes, "you only say that to cheer me up a bit." Indeed his benevolence was absolutely boundless; witness his 'receipt for making every day happy:—' 'When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature; it is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves as light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity'—*Ib.* p. 295.

During his residence at Foston he was continually visited by the most distinguished intellectual men of his age, and a few of his innumerable witticisms are recorded in these volumes. One or two of these we must re-produce. 'I always write best,' says Mr. P—, 'with an amanuensis.' 'Ah!' says Sydney, 'but are you quite sure that he puts down what you dictate?' 'One day,' says Lady Holland, 'when we were on a visit at Bishopsthorpe, soon after he had preached a visitation sermon, in which, amongst other things, he had recommended the clergy not to devote too much time to shooting and hunting, the archbishop, who rode beautifully in his youth, and knew full well my father's deficiencies in this respect, said, smiling, and evidently much amused, "I hear, Mr. Smith, you do not approve of much riding

for the clergy ;" "Why, my lord," said my father, bowing, with assumed gravity, "perhaps there is not *much objection*, provided they do not ride too well, and stick out their toes professionally." In his conversations about this time, we find some things which every critic seems to deem worthy of record. Speaking of diminutive men who have possessed great intellectual power, he said, 'Why, look there at Jeffrey ; and there is my little friend —, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with ; his intellect is improperly exposed.' In another conversation he comments on Dante's conceptions of Infernal Torture as exceedingly feeble, and proposed such substitutes as the following ; 'You,' turning merrily to his old friend, Mrs. Marcet, 'you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay ; let me consider ? Oh ! you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears ; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence, and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.'

The list of Sydney Smith's promotions comprise his preferment to the living of Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, to a prebendal stall at Bristol, and a canonry in St. Paul's Cathedral. While enjoying these preferments, he continued to cultivate the society of the most eminent men of his day, and he was thus thrown more deeply into the political agitations which then disturbed society. Throughout these he exhibited himself as a thorough Whig, and the extent of his views as a reformer is shown, we think, rather humiliatingly in his letters. For example, in a letter to Lord Jeffrey, he says : 'I am strongly inclined to think, whether now or twenty years hence, that parliament *must* be reformed. The case that the people have is too strong to be resisted. An answer may be made to it which will satisfy enlightened people perhaps, but none that the mass will be satisfied with. I am doubtful whether it is not *your* duty and my duty to become moderate reformers to keep off worse.'

Mr. Smith's politics were the result of his position, and we turn with pleasure from this phase of his character to some nobler illustrations of his nature. The living of Edmonton fell into his gift, and the death of the former incumbent had left the family, whose eldest son was the curate, in very indigent circumstances. Sydney thus relates, in a letter to his wife, his interview with the distressed family :—

'I then said, it is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living of Edmonton, and have

written to our chapter clerk this morning to mention the person to whom I have given it. And I must also tell you that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence, I added, that the gentleman I have selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name? "No, we have not." And by a more singular coincidence his name is Thomas Tate; in short, I added, there is no use in mincing the matter, you are vicar of Edmonton. They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently.'—Vol. ii. p. 291.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Sydney Smith to close this notice, without mentioning one other act of genuine benevolence. 'Almost the last act of his life,' says Lady Holland, 'was to bestow a small living of £120 per annum on a poor, worthy, and friendless clergyman (a high Tory by the way), who had lived a long life of struggle with poverty on £40 per annum. Full of happiness and gratitude, he entreated he might be allowed to see my father; but the latter so dreaded any agitation, that he most unwillingly consented, saying, "Then he must not thank me; I am too weak to bear it." He entered, my father gave him a few words of advice, the clergyman silently pressed his hand, and blessed his death-bed.'

We are compelled by our limits to omit scores of witticisms with which we have been delighted, and numerous traits of goodness which would charm the heart of every reader. A happy piece of dog Latin we must subjoin for such of our readers as are interested in this species of wit? In writing to Lord Holland on the threatened invasion of Buonaparte, he closes his letter in the following humorous style. 'Omnes ibimus ad Diabolum, et Buonaparte nos conquerabit, et dabit Hollandiam Domum ad unum corporalium suorum, et ponet ad mortem Joannem Allenium.' To the last day of his life his wit and humour blazed with its wonted intensity, and shed their livelier tints over the sunset of a most benevolent life.

We would have wished that Sydney Smith had followed his own inclinations, and had not become a clergyman; but it is only doing justice to his memory to say, that his compulsory ecclesiasticism may well be laid aside, and his character viewed from that stand-point which he himself would originally have chosen. So viewing him, we cannot but regard him as one of the brightest ornaments of our age. A man of singular force of intellect, of vast and varied attainments, of unparalleled wit and fancy, free from the slightest taint of party bitterness or personal venom, with a heart as large as the world, and sympathies

as various as the tribes and classes of mankind, and as deep as their wants and their woes ; a writer who strained to the utmost the capacities of our language, and whose presentation of truth was enforced by singular logical powers, and by the rarest graces of style ;—in a word, a man who will stand as a lasting model of that character which genius, learning, and virtue may combine to make, to charm, enlighten, and reform mankind.

ART. VI.—*The Thirty-first Annual Report of the Directors of the Manchester Mechanic's Institution.* Presented by the Retiring Board at the Annual General Meeting of the Members, held in the Lecture Theatre of the Institution, on Tuesday evening, February 27th, 1855.

THE Manchester Mechanics' Institution has been in existence twenty-eight years. We believe that it is the oldest, and, on the whole, the most flourishing society of the kind in the country. Perhaps there are not two others which can claim equal maturity or equal merit. Whatever faults may be laid to the charge of its managing officers (and they are numerous and serious enough), it will be obvious from even a cursory perusal of its reports, that large and long-sustained efforts have been made,—much energy and wisdom displayed,—considerable sums of money annually expended, in the service, and for the intellectual well being, of the artisan class. The founders of this institution were earnest, business-like, determined men,—true types of the 'Manchester school,' ere yet that 'school' had become nationally notorious. These men believed they had a worthy object in view, and laboured with characteristic zeal through fair weather and foul. As a necessary consequence, their institution has had a distinctly perceptible growth ; irregular it is true, but not the less real. Operations were begun in hired rooms, affording slender accommodation, and offering few attractions to those not in earnest about self-education. Men of the bank, the warehouse, and the mill, met nightly to conduct, by disinterested labour, classes for the tuition of the swarthy denizens of the machine-shop and the factory. By dint of great perseverance, they drew together a large number of anxious and exacting scholars. Their scarcely respectable premises became too small to hold them. The infant outgrew its garment, and it became necessary to provide a larger and more suitable exterior. Money was not long wanting for

this purpose. Those were soon found who were willing both to give largely and to incur future responsibility on account of the nascent institution. A commodious structure was erected, providing lecture hall, library, class-rooms, gymnasium, and offices, commensurate to the wants of a large town. The Mechanics' Institute was now a *significant*, if not a 'great fact;' and from that period it has played an important part amongst the moral and social agencies in the district of which Manchester forms the centre.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this institution performs its original functions, or that it fairly answers the object of its projectors. Far from it. The advantages it offers are not now accepted by the *mechanics* and working classes generally, who are the parties for whom they were solely intended. Very few indeed of the hard-handed, sturdy wealth-producers are now amongst its members. Some invisible but certain agency has gradually severed them from their legitimate school,—they have deserted their own college, nor do we know that they have taken to another. What this cause is may presently be indicated; meantime, we call attention to the fact that the educational apparatus supplied by this Institution is not used by the working-class, but by a medley of shopkeepers, warehousemen, clerks, and persons who do not need a *cheap* education merely, but who find it an easy and convenient makeshift for a system of higher and more worthy culture.

This Manchester Institution, in its rise, progress, and present aspect, may be taken as a fair sample of all other kindred societies, by whatever name they may be known. Few large towns, nay, few important villages are without some such association. Go where you may, you will find in the locality an 'Athenæum,' a 'Literary and Scientific Institution,' a 'Temperance Hall and Reading Room,' or a 'Mechanics' Institution,' as the case may be. Although these names are various and high-sounding enough, they stand for societies identical in object if not organization. For all practical purposes they may be taken *en masse*, and so considered.

If the condition of such associations be any test of social progress, we cannot, at present, claim much credit. This is strictly true, whether they have fulfilled their original purpose or not, for they are not adequately supported by *any* class. Yet, is it not a strange anomaly in this fiercely educational epoch, that institutions whose sole aim is to teach the labouring population, should be allowed to trail on a miserable and beggarly existence? Such, however, is the lamentable fact. Could we trace here the brief chronicle of the smaller institutions, we should exhibit a picture of well-meant effort struggling for sup-

port, and battling against difficulties which only require the merest charity for their removal. We should show a few philanthropic men working silently, earnestly, nobly, but vainly; unable to reach the hearts of those they would bless, and equally unsuccessful in obtaining help from those who can best afford it. It may be said that the day for such institutions has gone by. Perhaps so; but we think not. We believe that they will yet serve an invaluable purpose in the progress of national education, and it may be, supplant schemes which to-day seem only valuable to create social and religious enmity. Amidst the hurry and clamour attending the propagation of new schemes for teaching the people, the means in hand have been almost completely overlooked. In the matter of richly-endowed but wofully mismanaged grammar schools—of strangely misapplied educational charities, few have thought of asking, 'Would it not be wise to examine our present resources, before imposing new taxes or begging more money?' It may be that in a majority of cases, inquiry into the state of such schools and charities, followed by an immediate and honest attempt to comply with the conditions of their endowment, would furnish facilities for extensive education far beyond present belief. In the case of some charities whose funds have increased enormously by the accumulated interest of centuries, we know that so far as examinations have been instituted, a deplorable amount of misappropriation has been revealed. We believe that the full extent of such *silent sin* is scarcely dreamed of. But leaving such matters to other hands, we turn to the existence of popular institutions available to the masses of the people, as a fact on which may be built most valuable plans for their intellectual improvement. And we think that few persons will be unwilling to admit that it would be a grand solution of the educational difficulty just now puzzling the national head, if, from materials within easy reach, requiring the imposition of no tax, out of the pale of legislative interference, and unobjectionable so far as regards the collection of necessary funds, a plan of general education could be developed and brought into action. We do not profess to be able to propound such a plan. We have no *nostrum* for the cure of national ignorance. Quacks there are abroad in plenty who are prepared with their 'certain cures,' their 'undoubted specifics.' Like all such 'patent medicines,' the cure they work will be worse than the disease itself. We believe that no plan founded upon legislative and compulsory enactments will ever succeed; we believe, moreover, that no sect, party, or government, however influential, however popular, *can* educate the people. As no man was ever recognised as a purely taught man who did not teach himself, or make the best

use of all the 'aids to development' within his reach, so no nation can ever be an educated nation which does not itself provide the means for its intellectual culture. We believe, therefore, that the people must voluntarily pay for, and make use of, educational means, before such means will be either valuable to or valued by them.

The system feebly and partially illustrated by mechanics' institutions, meets the requirement of our age. Such associations are based upon a co-operative and self-sustaining principle, and indicate the only safe and permanent plan of general education. The great question for solution seems to be this—'How can the masses be best educated at the cheapest rate?' In reply, we offer the following remarks suggested by an examination of the Report named at the head of this article. The accumulation of small periodical subscriptions from a large number will provide the means for intellectual improvement, of a kind usually attainable only by the few. Such a fund is the necessary support of mechanics' institutions. The money thus obtained is the result of *equal* contributions from men of *equal* rank. It is spent (or rather, ought to be spent) solely for the educational benefit of the subscribing class. The object in view is to provide that elementary instruction which has not been imparted in youth. Referring to the case of the Manchester Institution, the early Reports show how honestly this purpose was served in the labour of the directors, and how largely such labour was successful. The fruits of these efforts remain to this day. Men who, at the period to which we refer, were scholars to the first managers, are now, or have been, directors of the Institution. They date the commencement of their success in life—their rise in respectability—the reception of their greatest incentives to diligence and honourable attainment—from the day they became members of a mechanic's institution. Such are some of the legitimate and much-to-be desired results of the system. They are worthy fruits of a precious tree. Attention to these Reports will, however, show matters more important than even these. The great success which followed the first purely educational efforts is the best evidence of the value of such an institution under proper management, and the most severe condemnation of that folly and short-sightedness which has so often wasted the funds and sacrificed the interests of its members. These remarks are fully justified by the substance of every Report we have examined. The impression produced upon the mind of an attentive reader will certainly be, that as soon as the institution became prosperous, its managers lost sight of their duty. It may be that the capabilities of the organization over which they presided suggested lofty notions and ambitious designs. Certain it

is, however, that when they commenced those small exhibitions of 'practical industry,' which after all seem to have been a very heterogeneous combination of articles of no great tuitional value, they introduced an innovation which lowered the dignity of the institution itself, and bequeathed a legacy of difficulty and trouble to succeeding directors. Attempts were subsequently made to render the society a means of introducing cheap concerts, and minor exhibitions of various kinds. The natural, the inevitable result has been that the true *conservative* element has gradually evaporated, and instead of a mechanic's institution truly so-called, we find a curious nondescript sort of society, which does a great number of things imperfectly, and nothing well. We need scarcely point to the only proper remedy for such a state of things. To any candid observer it will be abundantly clear that the wisdom of a board of directors will be best shown in an immediate return to a purely educational system. With a firm conviction of the truth of this statement, we proceed to put before our readers some suggestions as to the possible part such institutions may be fitted to take in the future education both of the young and the adult population of the country.

We commence by directing attention to their original design—viz., *the education of adults in such matters as are deemed elementary, with further instruction of a kind likely to be useful in the avocations of the artisan class.*

Happily the question is not now—'Is such instruction desirable?' but, 'How can it be best communicated?' So far as any records go with which we are acquainted, the success of purely elementary classes has ever been signal and complete. Whatever may be said about popular indifference to education, it is an indisputable fact, that at all times and in all the circumstances of an institution, these classes have had a large and satisfactory attendance. Indeed, so evident does this appear, that it seems utterly unaccountable how directors and others should have pursued a line of policy completely ignoring the fact. On the very face of the Manchester Report these truths are legibly written;—the Mechanics' Institution has been most consistently and valuably supported by the members availing themselves of its scholastic arrangements; its losses, difficulties, and dangers have been the result of foolish and suicidal speculation in exhibitions, concerts, amusements, and the like. Taking our stand here, therefore, we are prepared to perceive how it is possible to make such an institution immensely useful. Let us see how its affairs are now managed. The members are, of course, composed of those who pay the required subscription, which is usually payable either quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly. Having purchased

a ticket of membership a person is at once free to all the privileges, which may be thus enumerated:—access to a library, a news and reading-room, admission to lectures on various subjects, attendance at evening classes in which reading, writing, arithmetic (and occasionally grammar and geography) are taught. In most large institutions classes are arranged for the study of French, German, Latin, drawing, elocution, mathematics, dancing, and it may be other matters, ornamental and useful. A ‘debating club,’ or ‘mutual improvement society’ is commonly to be found amongst the arrangements. These, however, as necessitating increased outlay on the part of the institution are regarded as extras, and paid for as such. Up to a certain point general arrangements of the kind here sketched are well enough; they afford a large field for self-improvement to those working men who are willing to spend their leisure evenings profitably. Nay more, we will admit that it is quite possible for a member to acquire some amount of general information from such means, in addition to instruction in ‘common things.’ But the admission is certainly not very important. A fatal defect is instantly apparent to every thinking man at all concerned for a real education. It is seen that there is a want of consecutiveness and of method in all that is done; a want of systematic, logical arrangement both in the formation of the classes, and in what is taught. When a member enters the rudimentary school, he does so no doubt from a sensible impulse, a sincere desire within himself to become more intelligent. He takes his place at a seat; he reads, he writes, he counts, he spells, when and how the teacher directs. But this is all. No further interest is taken in him. His attendance may be checked, his conduct noted, but beyond this nothing more is done. He is a solitary student to all intents and purposes; he has no higher class before him; no ascent to climb which shall bring him to a higher level, shall introduce him to a more extensive field of labour. No presiding mind directs the course of his studies, or points him to a more intellectual sphere, where more practised minds and more advanced schoolfellows await him. Thus many powerful incentives to diligence are lost; no ambition is awakened; no stimulus is given. The end of the whole affair is a very poor, superficial, fragmentary education. A pupil may learn to be a fair reader and writer; he may be able to work the commonest rules of arithmetic with facility by attendance upon these classes. At the lectures he may accumulate a number of facts and impressions, valuable in themselves, but having no coherence, no connexion, so that a man’s mental culture depending upon the aids afforded by such a society, will be of very questionable value. In this we do not speculate or theorize. We *know* from personal observation that

this is the result, and could give other testimony than our own of the same kind.

The *remedy* will be found in a complete re-organization of the entire business. System must be introduced, and the class department based upon a methodical and intelligent plan. All the classes must form parts of a known and recognised scheme, the end of which will be the impartation of a sound and thorough education. With this view directors of institutions, or those having immediate authority, must lay out a curriculum of studies mutually dependent, mutually assistant. Intelligible in its arrangement, it will be eminently progressive, and must be such as to throw the entire responsibility of improvement on the pupil himself. The choice of studies must not be left to the judgment, wish, or whim of the member. Having decided upon the branches to be taught, the officers will expect all who become learners to follow the same track, to submit to the same rules of tuition, the same mode of treatment. In short, the plan adopted must be as nearly *collegiate* as possible, and bear unmistakeable proofs of wisdom and scholastic skill. It may be objected that working men cannot find time to attend to such strict training; that they cannot guarantee attendance at regular and stated hours. We reply that however irregular their attendance may be, it were far better to go to a school systematically conducted, than to one without plan and without internal order. May it not be urged too that if they are willing to give their money and spare time for such an education as is at present supplied, they will be disposed to make more strenuous efforts and larger sacrifices for that which will be everyway more desirable? It is a well-known truism amongst tradesmen that the best article has the largest market—creates the greatest demand. In education the same truth holds good. Wherever a cheap and sound education is offered, pupils are sure to be found, and in such numbers as to encourage the greatest diligence and the most strenuous efforts. As matters at present stand with institutions, there is an air of insincerity about their educational arrangements which is anything but attractive. So far from being the centre on which all else turns—from which all their influence radiates, they seem mere accessory plans, and command but secondary attention. The reverse of this should be the case, and a mechanics' institution should be to all intents and purposes a 'People's College.' As the most important step, therefore, towards this object, a well-arranged system of *evening classes for adult education* is of primary interest.

Beyond this, adult subscribers may make other demands upon an institution; but these are already fairly met in the depart-

ments which include the library, reading room, and lecture arrangements. Of the two former we need not speak. Generally speaking, these are the most attractive features of institutions, and in those of large towns they appear to embody standard works of high value sufficient for all purposes of self-culture, and more current literature than is either wanted or perused. The 'lectures,' however, may claim a remark or two in passing. As educational means, popular lectures are comparatively useless. Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that, in sitting for two or three hours a-week in a lecture room, an important part of education was fulfilled. Science, the arts, the various branches of human learning must be *studied* before they are known, and studied too with patient, persevering labour. But lectures, belonging as they do to a kind of agency intended for momentary influence and very temporary ends, are unfitted by this very fact for educational media. We know too well how poor and profitless is the result of *preaching* at regularly recurring intervals, to lay much stress upon the value of occasional lectures prepared to please a miscellaneous, and, too frequently, a poorly-educated audience. Impressions may be made, but systematic teaching cannot be thus imparted. Our remarks do not apply to such subjects as have a *local, national, or passing interest*. Occasions will present themselves on which the members, as a part of the great 'public,' may be called together to hear an oration, an exposition, or a lecture upon some topic of general interest. Such occasions, however, will not happen frequently, nor ought they to be permitted to interrupt the regular routine of business. They will be accepted as hours of relaxation from study, to be used and not abused, and will be judiciously chosen and well-timed.

We come now to indicate another important modification of the purposes of mechanics' institutions. So far, all that is included in the programme of arrangements occupies only the hours of cessation from daily labour. But the question very properly and naturally arises, 'Can no good use be made of this extensive educational apparatus during the day?' This question, we think, may be answered most satisfactorily by the addition of a system of day-school tuition *for the children of the members*. Our proposition is this:—*To make the member's subscription to the institution include both the cost of his own evening instruction, and the daily education of his children.* To such an arrangement we can imagine that many objections might be started, but we cannot at present see any sufficiently important or tangible to require refutation. In the early history of the institution at Manchester, day-schools for boys and girls were important features in the general business. In the

boys' school more than two hundred pupils were occasionally taught, and with a success which drew forth the highest commendations from men whose encomiums were really valuable. The schools were first removed from the premises of the new institution, and ultimately given up altogether. From the reports we gather no satisfactory reason for this serious and (in our opinion) lamentable loss. Admission to these schools was obtained by a payment equal to the charge for adult membership, and it does not appear that this was an objectionable rate. But to meet the requirements of the bulk of the working classes now, we must be prepared to offer education at the lowest possible price. To secure the greatest cheapness we must educate on the largest scale, and draw the funds from the widest surface. Data will be required on which to calculate the cost of tuition for large numbers, and statistics cannot be difficult to obtain which shall answer every purpose. We are supplied with some in the reports of the Institution before us. In the 'treasurer's balance sheet' appended to the report for 1853, we find the sum of £237 14s. 10d. entered as the amount expended on the 'evening classes' during that year. The sum of £70 18s. 6d. is entered on the credit side of the account as receipts under the same head, leaving the sum of £166 16s. 4d. as the total expense of conducting *eleven* different evening classes, which were attended by 605 members. The following is the list of separate classes, with the numbers attending each:—

Elementary	235
Mechanical and Architectural Drawing.....	93
Geography	26
General Drawing	17
Grammar	24
Mathematics	24
French	52
German	19
Dancing	35
Commercial Writing	35
Natural Philosophy.....	45
	<hr/>
	605

The annual sum received from this number of subscribers at five shillings per quarter is of course six hundred and five pounds,—so that the cost of all these classes is little more than twenty-five per cent. of the subscriptions of the members who attend them. It may simplify the matter to say, that at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution these evening classes cost one shilling and five-pence per head, per quarter. Surely this education is cheap enough, and will speak for itself. We suggest, therefore, with perfect confidence in the result, an attempt to make the instruc-

tion of a member's children a part of the duties of such institutions. And in what more legitimate direction can these efforts be extended? It is certainly one of the most desirable and praiseworthy objects to cheapen and to improve the supply of juvenile education amongst the working classes; and who so likely to be successful in such an undertaking as the directors of institutions which profess to educate adult operatives themselves? Looking at the matter from every point of view, the proposal seems eminently feasible and desirable; and we may corroborate this opinion by briefly hinting how easily such a system of procedure would get rid of the difficulties which now unfortunately surround the question of general education. If we understand this great question rightly, two sources of disagreement divide the nation. First,—the mode of raising educational funds; second,—the parties who shall superintend the application of the funds when obtained. Let us suppose the suggestion we have made carried out, merely for the purpose of illustration, and we shall find affairs thus arranged. A large number of individuals become members of a Mechanics' Institution. After the lapse of a certain period these parties (according to the system which most commonly obtains) become possessed of the power of voting in the election of directors. The directors are members of the Institution, of a certain age, standing, and intelligence, and are selected because of their peculiar fitness for the office. They are chosen to manage the business of the Institution, in accordance with a code of laws which regulates its constitution. Whatever, therefore, is done, is the act of this popularly elected body. To what more appropriate hands can the education of the artisan and his children be entrusted? Who will give greater attention to his wants, spend his money more economically, or guard more sedulously his interests? By this system the education of the people is in their own hands; and the knotty points of religious teaching, state interference, priestly influence, and the like, are nowhere introduced. As the directors are chosen annually, the members have speedy redress in case of mismanagement, or want of economy, and can place in office those and only those whom they believe best fitted to be entrusted therewith.

It is probable that our remarks may draw forth the assertion that the plan we propose would require a reorganization of Mechanics' Institutions, and totally change their character, facts which might injure rather than benefit them by removing many of their present members. We admit the facts, but not the conclusion. The change which would come over them would indeed be desirable, as we have before shown; but that any loss would result we cannot for a moment believe. Place the advantages we recommend before the working classes; let a tithe of the

agitation and advertisement spent upon either of the two rival educational schemes be spent in letting them know what benefits await them in the newly arranged Mechanics' Institutions, and there cannot be a doubt of the happy result. Should the change be made, its permanency will solely depend upon the quality of the instruction given. With the present arrangements and kind of tuition, there can be no satisfactory attainment; let there be a complete remodelling of all scholastic business. Let every pupil be in reality a student, who has a certain course to go through, the credit or discredit of which rests with himself. Let teachers be provided who will give themselves unreservedly to the duties before them, with a view to make success certain, and to place it out of the category of merely possible events. Much depends upon the spirit in which tuition is undertaken. Some teachers create their own success in spite of all obstacles; others are merely professional, and perform duty as a means to private ends. It is from the first class that teachers should be drawn to superintend the classes at public institutions, and more especially in a new and untried scheme. With heartiness and hopeful energy, the battle would be half won.

In thus indicating the possible use of a great system of education already within reach, we lay ourselves open to assaults of various kinds from those who are committed to the support of the 'local' and 'national' schemes. We know that any suggestions which have for their object the attainment of an educational system, wholly left in the hands of the people, will be received with derision by those who are determined to give more power to the legislature, and to secure a preponderance of influence and emolument for those already unduly fostered and favoured. Such is ever the case with popular progress, which has not only to thrive upon ungenerous soil, but to bear ungenial weather from every quarter of the social atmosphere. The people's advance in education would seem to be more difficult than their political enfranchisement, and to be the unhappy cause of the bitterest dissensions. Why should it be so? Why should a large and intelligent portion of the community be divided into hostile camps, which vilify, misrepresent, and fight with each other for the welfare of the working classes? Would it not be better to unite in an earnest endeavour to help those classes to educate themselves? Would it not be wiser to direct their attention to an independent and satisfactory mode of securing their intellectual well-being, in which the strife of party shall not be heard, and the jar of politics be forgotten? Why should a large portion of the nation be pauperized in the matter of education? If we mistake not, one great value of intellectual training is the mental and moral independence it eventually engenders. Why,

then, should the possibility of such a good result be at once and for ever destroyed? Let us not be deceived; let us not do evil that good may come. Educational systems must stand upon a just, firm, and broad basis, else they are better let alone.

This we know is not the opinion entertained by the promoters of national systems at present before the public. These schemes are different in many points, but unanimous in this one—viz., the necessity of taxation for educational purposes. Before yielding our assent to this belief, we pray that all the materials now at command may be gathered together, wisely arranged, and economically employed. Let the country have the benefit of its own property, and let its own funds be applied to rightful purposes. It will then be seen that the energy expended in propagating new plans may be more profitably directed in other ways. Let those who desire the executive to take the education of the people into its care, urge government to use its authority where it can now usefully and legitimately do so, in the restoration of popular privileges long absorbed by the wealthier class, and in the wisest expenditure of money, which, in a thousand instances, never circulates for the intellectual benefit of the necessitous poor.

Let those who reject government interference, but who still demand powers of taxation for a similar object, direct their earnest attention to the present state of popular and valuable institutions, with a view to their wise conduct and their most enlarged usefulness. Let them exert a preparatory influence upon the poor, which shall awaken in their minds a desire for secular training, alas! too seldom to be found. Let educational missionaries be sent to the ignorant, neglected, disreputable places, where morality holds no sway, and ignorance reigns supreme. Let them, then, heartily co-operate with those already engaged in the work of conducting mechanics' halls and institutions of a similar character,—assist in developing their resources, enlarging their sphere of operation, and directing into purely educational channels their means and appliances. Should it be said that the artisan classes do not meet present advances, then, let them be advised, lectured, appealed to, in every desirable way, that their consciences may be aroused, and their desires quickened. The same objection would stand good against every scheme, and is simply the result of the ignorance we all deplore. In fact, the first grand object of every educational movement ought to be the production of this very desire for improvement. No plan will be available without it, and *compulsory* education itself will be comparatively fruitless in the absence of personal co-operation on the part of those who are taught. Referring to the hints we have thrown out, we think they would produce incalculable

results for good if earnestly followed, and might prove a bond of union upon a great question which, to-day, has separated men and parties widely asunder.

It has been hinted that an important party which has propounded and supported one of the great rival education schemes, has its eye upon the very societies of which we have been speaking, and intends to make an effort to get them under its own direction. How this will be ultimately attempted, we do not know; nevertheless, it is a wise move, and indirectly strengthens the view we take of the future value of these institutions. It will give us little or no satisfaction to see them in the least influenced by the party to whom we allude, for, if they be not conducted with a truly popular aim, irrespective of mere sectarian views or party objects, they will eventually sink and fail. But we sincerely hope to see them prosper under economical, watchful, judicious management; regardless of schemes which entail only vexation and loss, and to take a high stand as educational agencies, by an immediate return to their original aims, and an honest fulfilment of the designs of their founders.

ART. VII.—*Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, by Lieut. R. F. Burton. Vols. I. & II. Svo. London: Longman & Co.

THE eastern and central regions of Arabia are usually denoted in our maps by a vast blank space. Two or three geographical points are fixed, and some faint lines indicate the course of ancient travel; but the country itself has been closed against European curiosity more effectually than Japan. Charlevoix and Kœmpfer, Thunberg and Morrison, disclosed the secrets of the most zealous among heathen empires, while the religious centre of Islam, though visited by pilgrims from all quarters of the Mohammedan world, remained under a mystic veil which was guarded by the faith of every true believer. Since the year 1688, only two European travellers—Burckhardt the Swiss, and Lieut. Burton—have described the interior aspects of El Medinah and Meccah. 'As no unbeliever is permitted to enter the city,' wrote Gibbon, 'our travellers are silent.' But by many zealous geographers this blank on the map has been regarded as a reproach to modern science. In the autumn of 1852, Lieut. Burton, animated by the desire to put an end to an ignorance so inconsistent with the pretensions of the age, offered to explore,

under the sanction of the Geographical Society, the sacred places of the Moslem, and to disperse the mystery which hung over all those portions of the Arabian peninsula.

It was his wish to allot three years to this journey. The Court of Directors, however, holding that on the eve of war the duties of an Indian officer were somewhat incompatible with the wandering propensities of a Bruce or Della Valle, gave him liberty for one year only ; and, the Geographical Society furnishing him with means, he resolved to sojourn in cities which Christians are forbidden to approach. It was necessary, therefore, to travel in disguise. The Eastern languages, costumes, and manners, were equally familiar to Lieut. Burton. In April 1853, accordingly, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer 'Bengal' took on board at Southampton, not a plain lieutenant in the Bombay army, but a *Persian prince*, clothed in gorgeous raiment, surrounded by Oriental accessories, and prepared to walk, speak, ejaculate, quote Hafiz, raise his eyes, salute his friends, and perform all the acts and gestures of life with the stateliness and composure of Ispahan. Nor is it less difficult to act on such a stage than to interpret the passions of other men before an audience of your own nation. The lady who looks Roxalana to perfection in the winter performances at Gothic Hall, would be taken, in the East, for anything but an Eastern queen. And Lieut. Burton very judiciously warns us not to suppose that he could eat his dinner like a Persian without rehearsing all its small yet essential forms, otherwise his costume would have been as the images in 'Lalla Rookh' compared with the style of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' With us, for example, to drink a glass of water is an operation which requires only that the hand and the mouth shall have such a mutual understanding as shall enable the one to find the other ; but with an Indian Moslem it is far different. He grasps the tumbler firmly, and ejaculates—'In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful,' he raises it to his lips, and pours the contents into his throat ; he grunts, he says solemnly, 'Praise be to Allah!' and then, if any friend be near to utter 'Pleasant and Health!' he must reply, 'May Allah make it pleasant to thee!' Moreover, he does not remain standing while he drinks water, unless it come under the category of exceptions. The value of such tutelage is never appreciated so well as by the European when he attempts to pass among Orientals for one of themselves.

Lieut. Burton travelled, then, as a Persian prince, a physician, and a philosopher. His royalty was represented by the airs he assumed, and by the attire he wore ; his medical skill was genuine, and had been carefully acquired ; his 'philosophy,' of course, was a synonym for whatever notion, spiced with cynicism,

he chose to entertain of creation in general, and of his fellow creatures in particular. It will perhaps disappoint some readers to find that a large portion of the first volume refers to a journey in the Mediterranean and across Egypt, and that the third, which contains the account of Meccah, has not yet issued from the press. But the narrative of a journey through the Arabian peninsula and to El Medinah forms a fresh and striking contribution to our library of travel. We will note some general observations on Arabia to familiarize the reader with Lieut. Burton's special object, before we accompany him within the sacred city.

The overland journey to India has caused so much to be written of Suez that it is scarcely less known to the English public than Constantinople or Mont Blanc. Its interest is derived, in the present instance, from the fact that it is one gateway to the Mohammedan's holy land. Formerly, ten thousand pilgrims annually passed through it on their way to the prophet's tomb; but the waning power of the Crescent has been felt even by this favourite city. Though wanderers still throng to it from Bokhara, from Persia, from Circassia, from Turkey and the Crimea, from Damascus and from Bagdad, from Algeria and Egypt, from the black kingdoms of Central Africa and from the unconverted tribes on the Abyssinian Hills, it slowly declines, and may, at no distant period, be little more than a stage between Great Britain and India.

From Suez, Lieut. Burton took his departure in a pilgrim ship. A turbulent crew and quarrelsome passengers promised little enjoyment on the voyage, even if the reefs and shoals of the dangerous Red Sea allowed of any tranquil nights and days. At the first halting place—for the vessels never sail in the dark—Lieut. Burton viewed a landscape round the spot where, as Father Sicard seeks to prove, the Israelites came down to the water. A barbaric beauty invested the scene. Not a trace of verdure touched the surface of the rocks, glowing under an orange and violet sky like huge and irregular heaps of jewels piled on the gilded beach, and glittering with innumerable splendid colours. At early morning the voyage was continued, and varied by trifling accidents and perils, which heightened the romance of the locality as well as of the occasion. Sometimes, on a little promontory, a Christian town was reached, whose inhabitants subsisted by providing the seafarer with water and food. Sometimes, under a grove of dates and pomegranates, the pilgrims ate the fruits of the land, and drank of its pleasant waters. Sometimes, for nearly two days, they did not approach the shore, but sailed forward towards an horizon bounded by Titanic rocks, broken and castellated, and flaming in the glow of the sun. The wind, like the breath of a furnace, blistered the skin;

the sea and sky appeared milk-white ; the entire range of vision disclosed only an expanse of motionless water ; streaks of scorched and thirsty cliffs, and the arch of the heavens, pale and dead, but filled with insufferable heat.

At sunset the Red Sea changes. Its waves are turned into a tender green ; the East brightens with gorgeous tints—crimson, and rose, and tawny orange—a soft purple flush spreads over the water ; the shores reflect all the coruscations of the zodiacal light ; and as darkness comes on, the blue of the skies, with the radiance of the moon, and the pearly glimmering of the waves, forms a contrast with the aspects of the day, more perfect than any that can be witnessed in the North.

At Yambu, one of the gates of the Hejaz, Lieut. Burton halted. The town is much frequented by pilgrims, and maintains a prosperous trade, but it is here that the Christian traveller discovers the value of his disguise. The inhabitants are inspired by all the conceit and bigotry of a border population. Even their fellow Moslems walk among them armed and ready for instantaneous combat. The gentleman of Yambu stalks about with weapons in his belt that suggest to all new comers the necessity of a 'counterpoise'—on Lord John Russell's principle. Consequently his visitors arrive in panoply ; the civilized Arab from El Medinah brings his pistols loaded ; the soldier carries 'an armoury ;' the 'peaceable' citizens never roam abroad without clubs, which they apply with practised energy to the head of any thievish Bedouin, or too officious guard, who provokes their anger.

In this delectable city Lieut. Burton made his final preparations. He was about to plunge into a country every inhabitant of which would have considered it a virtue to kill him, had his real character been known. But he shall himself confess to the reader how he deceived those subtle Mohammedans. Possibly there may be some difference of opinion as to the propriety of his artifices ; but we may mention, at this point, that the Lieutenant has theories of his own on civilization and its system of etiquette :—

'Pilgrims,' he says, 'especially those from Turkey, carry a "Hamail," to denote their holy errand. This is a pocket Koran, in a handsome, gold-embroidered, crimson velvet, or red morocco case, slung by red silk cords over the left shoulder. It must hang down by the right side, and should never depend below the waist-belt. For this I substituted a most useful article. To all appearance a "Hamail;" it had inside three compartments: one for my watch and compass, the second for ready money, and the third contained penknife, pencil, and slips of paper, which I could hold concealed in the hollow of my hand. These were for writing and drawing ; opportunities of

making a fair copy into the diary-book are never wanting to the acute traveller. He must, however, beware of sketching before the Bedouins, who would certainly proceed to extreme measures supposing him to be a spy or a sorcerer.'—Vol. i. pp. 352, 353.

The departure from Yambu took place in the evening. Mounted on camels the pilgrim and his companions threaded their way beyond the shady streets into the Desert, took a due easterly course, and advanced steadily towards the Holy Places of El Islam. A caravan under ordinary circumstances does not accomplish more than two miles an hour, so that the progress of the company was slow; but when the heat was too severe, or the twilight too dense, a halt was made, and pleasant festivities cheered the bivouac. Wretched villages were occasionally noted by the way; but Lieut. Burton judiciously avoided cataloguing their names as items of geographical knowledge. The appellations of such places throughout the East are constantly changing, though innocent travellers inquiring of their guides distinguish every spot they reach by some incorrect or ridiculous name. Thus one of our popular maps of the Euphrates contains a village named 'M'adri,' simply meaning, 'I don't know,' which was, no doubt, the reply of some native to a traveller's interrogation.

In the depth of the Eastern Arabian wilderness singular communities were found, leading humble and primitive lives, but subject, nevertheless, to the far-reaching extortions of the Ottoman exchequer. The Wahhabis, or the Bedouins, says Lieut. Burton, must one day rise and shake off the alien yoke which oppresses and degrades them; they have already produced men whom the Sultans of Constantinople have learned to fear:—

'Saad, the old man of the mountains, was described to me as a little brown Bedouin, contemptible in appearance, but remarkable for courage and ready wit. He has a keen scent for treachery, and requires to keep it in exercise. A blood feud with Abdul Mettaleb, the present Sherrieff of Meccah, who slew his nephew, and the hostility of several sultans, has rendered his life an eventful one. He lost all his teeth by poison, which would have killed him, had he not, by mistake, after swallowing the potion, corrected it by drinking off a large pot full of clarified butter. Since that time he has lived entirely upon fruits, which he gathers for himself, and coffee, which he prepares with his own hand. In Sultan Mohammed's time he received from Constantinople a gorgeous purse, which he was told to open himself, as it contained something for his private inspection. Suspecting treachery, he gave it for this purpose to a slave, bidding him to carry it to some distance: the bearer was shot by a pistol, cunningly fixed, like Rob Roy's, in the folds of the bag.'—Ib. p. 383.

The country now traversed was disturbed by war. The soldiers of the Desert occasionally crossed the pilgrims' path. At

one city a parade of Arnaout cavalry exhibited the remnants of 'Turkish force,' and rumours of conflict thickened as the caravan drew near to El Medinah. At length, after troubles and disasters the explorer arose on a bright morning, and observed that all his companions were hurrying off in a deep silence. 'They are travelling with their eyes,' said Mohammed, the servant, as the entire party advanced with unusual rapidity towards a ridge of black basalt in the distance. Arrived at the summit of this, they passed through a dark defile, and at the end stood on a plateau, and saw before them El Medinah, the Holy City. All stood still with a tacit concord, and the Arabs, not dreaming that their companion in Persian attire was other than a good Mussulman, ejaculated fervent expressions of their joy, in obedience to a phrase in the Moslem ritual, 'And when the pilgrim's eyes fall upon the trees of El Medinah, let him raise his voice and bless the prophet with the choicest of blessings.'

The Bombay lieutenant, though he could not participate in their pious exultation, was not less gladdened than the more genuine pilgrims, who stood by his side, gazing 'on the trees of El Medinah.' He had been eight days travelling from Yambu, a distance little more than 130 miles, and reached the sacred city on the 8th of July. There, below him, lay the celebrated town with its suburbs, crowded with orchards and gardens. In its eastern quarter a bright green dome showed where the prophet reposed. To that shrine the pilgrim is bound to repair, as soon as he conveniently may, before he tastes the refreshment and pleasures of the Holy City. Complying with this law, the Persian prince and his companions performed all the ordained ablutions, used the tooth-stick in the manner directed by the Moslem ritual, dressed themselves in white clothes, and proceeded to the sanctuary of the Mohammedan world. Lieut. Burton, whatever the believers thought, was disappointed—

'I came suddenly upon the mosque. Like that at Meccah, the approach is choked up by ignoble buildings, some actually touching the holy "enceinte," others separated by a lane compared with which the road round St. Paul's is a Vatican-square. There is no outer front, no general aspect of the prophet's mosque; consequently, as a building, it has neither beauty nor dignity. And, entering the Bab-el-Rahman, —the Gate of Piety,—by a diminutive flight of steps, I was astonished by the mean and tawdry appearance of a place so universally venerated in the Moslem world. It is not, like the Meccan mosque, grand and simple, the expression of a single sublime idea; the longer I looked at it the more it suggested the resemblance of a museum of second-rate art, a curiosity shop, full of ornaments that are not accessories, and decorated with pauper splendour.'—Vol. ii. p. 60.

But the pilgrim takes only a cursory survey of this beloved

interior. Too much curiosity might betray that he is a traveller and not a devotee. The attendant sheikh inquires if he is religiously pure, arranges his hands in a lawful attitude and guides him forward, with slow steps, to the venerated shrine. The whole company recited a prayer, and a series of intricate rites was enacted, which put to the test Lieut. Burton's powers of hypocrisy. All the attributes of Allah and the Prophet were mentioned in a sonorous chant; not a step was made by pilgrim or priest except in accordance with rule. At last, after these interesting but monotonous ceremonies were concluded, the Persian prince was summoned to a little window that he might look into the chamber containing the tomb of Mohammed and his two immediate successors:—'Here my proceedings were watched with suspicious eyes. The Persians have sometimes managed to pollute the part near Abubeker's and Omar's graves by tossing through the aperture what is externally a handsome shawl, intended as a present to the tomb. After straining my eyes for a time I saw a curtain, or rather hangings, with three inscriptions, informing readers that behind them lie Allah's prophet and the first two caliphs. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is moreover distinguished by a large pearl rosary.'

The great ornament of jewels, said to be placed in darkness that its refulgence might not blind the believer's eyes, appeared to this critical pilgrim to consist of knobs of common glass; but he would not pay the exorbitant sum which would have gained the privilege of a more near approach. Nothing in the scene was attractive or poetical. As to the remains themselves, not even Moslems can tell in what position they lie; the historians dispute on the point as fiercely as though all the circumstances were lost in tradition. No one dares to examine the sepulchre, lest the discussion should be ended by proving that the prophet's body does not exist at El Medinah at all. However, the mystery has its fascinations for all professors of the faith, and a large revenue accrues to the keepers of the tomb. Lieut. Burton disbursed a pound sterling before he could complete his first visit, and never could enter the mosque without paying at least half that sum.

Having performed the duties of a good Mussulman without displaying any of that unaccountable malignity for which the Persian sectaries have gained a bad reputation at El Medinah, he was free to examine the city. His description is minute but picturesque.

El Medinah, or the City, stands on the borders of Nejd, upon the vast plateau of high land which forms Central Arabia. This elevated plain is bounded by ridges and precipices of basalt

rock, and is composed in general of a white chalk and a loamy clay, though patches of salt sand are scattered over its surface. The town abounds in water, though of a poor quality, and is subject to considerable variations of climate. The saying of Mohammed was, 'that he who patiently endures the cold of El Medinah and the heat of Meccah merits a reward in paradise.' On the hills, indeed, ice may be seen in the extreme of winter, though this fact is not consonant with popular English ideas of the Arabian wilderness. Rain also falls, and copious dew, which is not regarded as unhealthy. The Arabs of the district, however, are subject to many complaints, and have long lost their repute as the most skilful of natural physicians. Charms and amulets have enfeebled their wits, and taught them to forget their ancient cunning. Other influences, too, have aided in reducing the spirit of that once proud race.

'I may remark that the Arabs have little idea of splendour either in their public or in their private architecture. Whatever strikes the traveller's eye in El-Hejaz is always either an importation or the work of foreign artists. If strangers will build for them, they argue, why should they build for themselves? However, they have scant inducement to lavish money upon grand edifices. Whenever a disturbance takes place, domestic or from without, the buildings are sure to suffer; and the climate is inimical to their enduring. Both ground and air at Meccah, as well as at El Medinah, are damp and nitrous in winter; in summer, dry and torrid; palm timber soon decays; even foreign wood-work suffers, and a few years suffice to level their proudest pile with the dust.'—*Ib.* p. 194.

In course of a ride to the Mosque of Kuba, Lieut. Burton gives us a picture of the Arabian plain and its garden:—

'Recently, the Nakhil, or palm plantations, began. Nothing lovelier to the eye, weary with hot red glare, than the rich green waving crops and cool shade—for hours I could have sat and looked at it, requiring no other occupation—the "food of vision," as the Arabs call it, and "pure water to the parched throat." The air was soft and balmy, strange luxury in El Hejaz, and a perfumed breeze wandered among the date ponds; there were fresh flowers and bright foliage—in fact, at midsummer, every beautiful feature of spring. Nothing more delightful to the ear than the warbling of the small birds, that sweet, familiar sound, the splashing of tiny cascades from the wells into the wooden troughs; and the musical song of the water-wheels. Travellers—young travellers in the East—talk of the "dismal grating," the "mournful monotony," and the "melancholy creaking of those dismal machines." To the veteran wanderer, their sound is delightful from association, reminding him of green fields, cool water-courses, hospitable villagers, and plentiful crops. The expatriated Nubian, for instance, listens to the water-wheel with as deep emotion as the "Ranz des Vaches" ever excited in the heart of Switzer at Naples,

or "Lochaber no more" among a regiment of Highlanders in the West Indies.

'The date trees of El Medinah merit their celebrity. Their stately columns or stems here seem higher than in other lands, and their lower flowers are allowed to tremble in the breeze without mutilation. These enormous palms were loaded with ripening fruit, and the clusters, carefully tied up, must have weighed upwards of eighty pounds. They hung down between the lower branches by a bright yellow stem, as thick as a man's ankle.'—*Ib.* p. 199.

The pleasure-seeker, no less than the invalid, may find a pleasant loitering-place midst the 'cool shades of Kuba.' These graceful gardens are divided into alleys, fenced on either hand by tall reeds. There the elegant boughs of the tamarisk and of the broad-leaved castor plant, pearled with dew, glisten in the sun, offering a tempting refuge from its rays.

In this luxuriant region, fruit-trees are abundant. Little can be said for their produce, palatable as it is to the tastes of the inhabitants of El Medinah, the chief favourite being a fruit which has been successively compared to a 'bad plum, an unripe cherry, and an insipid apple.' An exception must be made in favour of the shami, a luscious fruit, 'almost stoneless, delicately perfumed, and as large as an infant's head.'

Little attraction is presented by the interior of Kuba, composed of the elements which characterize the vilest of Eastern villages. A disorderly heap of huts and houses, foul lanes, rubbish, and barking dogs, constitute all that is to be met with. The people are singularly in accordance with the uninviting peculiarity of the spot; 'so fearfully and wonderfully,' remarks Lieut. Burton, 'do the children resemble tailless baboons!'

The Mosque of Kuba, invested with peculiar sanctity from the superstition of its frequenters, though no longer 'mean and decayed,' as when Burckhardt beheld it, is an unpretending building of small size, with a minaret of the Turkish style. Here, wedged in an oppressive crowd of devotees, our indefatigable Lieutenant performed the prostrations, recited the prayers, supplications, and all the elaborate liturgy of the mosque; finding time during devotions, moreover, to direct his attention to the reading of a Cufic inscription on the wall.

A more inviting sanctuary was the Bir-el-Aris, visited by Lieut. Burton; a deep well in a garden to the west of the Mosque of Piety, with a little oratory adjoining. In this retreat, a Persian wheel went dreamily round; and the water, cool and crystal, fell into a pool, imitating the refreshing murmur of a stream. So soothing was the sound, combined with the rich, overpowering fragrance of limes and pomegranates, of which the scent was wafted through the air by the warm breeze, that our

traveller, unable to resist such delicious influences, forgot his prayers, and fell asleep.

The arrival of the Damascus Pilgrimage, as it is popularly called, or the Great Caravan, bearing stipends, pensions, and perhaps even a new curtain for the Prophet's Hujrah, is a period of great excitement. The Barr-el-Munakhah then presents a most animated appearance.

'I arose early in the morning,' says Lieut. Burton, 'and looked out from the windows of the *mazlio*, the Barr-el-Munakhah, from a dusty waste, dotted with a few Bedouins and hair tents, had assumed all the various shapes and colours of a kaleidoscope. The eye was bewildered by the shifting of innumerable details, in all parts totally different from one another, thrown confusedly together in one small field; and however jaded with sight-seeing, it dwelt with delight upon the vivacity, the variety, and the intense picturesqueness of the scene. In one night had sprung up a town of tents of every size, colour, and shape—round, square, and oblong—open and closed—from the shawl-lined and gilt-topped pavilion of the pasha, with all the luxurious appurtenances of the haram, to its neighbour, the little, dirty, green "rowtie" of the tobacco-seller. They were pitched in admirable order: here ranged in a long line where a street was required; there packed in dense masses, where thoroughfares were unnecessary. But how describe the utter confusion in the crowding, the bustling, and the vast variety and volume of sound? Huge white Syrian dromedaries, compared with which those of El Hezay appeared mere pony camels, jingling large bells, and bearing shugdups, like miniature green tents, swaying and tossing upon their backs; gorgeous takhtrawan, or litters, borne between camels or mules, with scarlet and brass trappings; Bedouins bestriding naked-backed "dromedaries," and clinging, like apes, to the hairy humps; Arnaout, Turkish, and Kurd irregular horsemen, fiercer looking in their mirth than Roman peasants in their rage; fainting Persian pilgrims, forcing their stubborn dromedaries to kneel, or dismounted, grumbling, from jaded donkeys; Kahwagis, sherbet-sellers and ambulant tobacco-sellers crying their goods; country people driving flocks of sheep and goats, with infinite clamour, through lines of horses fiercely snorting and rearing; townspeople seeking their friends; returned travellers exchanging affectionate salutes; devout Hajis jolting one another, running under the legs of camels, and tumbling over the tent ropes in their hurry to reach the haram; cannon roaring from the citadel; shopmen, water-carriers, and fruit-venders fighting over their bargains; boys bullying heretics with loud screams; a well-mounted party of fine old Arab Spaghks of Hamidah clan, preceded by their varlets, performing the Arzah or war-dance; compared with which the Pyrenean bear's performance is grace itself—firing their guns upwards, or blowing the powder into the calves of those before them, brandishing their swords, leaping frantically the while, with their light-coloured rays floating in the wind, tossing their long spears, tufted with ostrich feathers, high in the air, reckless where they fall; servants seeking their masters, and masters

their tents, with vain cries of Ya Mohammed! grandees riding mules, or stalking on foot, preceded by their crowd-beaters shouting to clear the way; here the loud shrieks of women and children, whose litters are bumping and rasping against one another; there the low moaning of some poor wretch seeking a shady corner to die in; and a thick dust which blurs the outlines like a London fog, with a flaming sun that draws sparkles of fire from the burnished weapons of the crowd, and the brass balls of tent and litter; and I doubt, gentle reader, that even the length, the jar, and the confusion of this description is adequate to its subject, or that any word-painting of mine can convey a just idea of the scene.'—Vol. ii. p. 227.

From a very remote period, certain rumours have prevailed in the West, as to some peculiar institutions attributed to the race of El Nakhamilah, of El Medinah. It is indisputable that their character throughout the East is low; as a caste, they are despised, though they professed Mohammedanism; and their social position is similar to that of the pariahs in India. In fact, by orthodox Moslems, they are held in so much contempt, that among the current reports of their sins and vices it is impossible to distinguish between sectarian calumnies and relations that are strictly true.

The narrative of Lieut. Burton should be studied by all who would obtain an exact view of the actual state of belief in the Mohammedan world. It reflects, from its centre, the civilization of the Koran. The author, perhaps, may not intend to produce in his reader's mind such results as these volumes, in our opinion, suggest; but his story, told with simplicity, exposes much corruption and imbecility, even in the citadels of Islamism. From other points of view, the book is as valuable as it is entertaining. It certainly widens the area of geographical science: it unfolds the life and manners of a strange people; it depicts singular and dramatic scenes in the interior of lands which have hitherto been mysteries to Europe. Lieut. Burton is an accurate observer, a liberal and intelligent critic, a faithful and pictorial narrator. His record of travel, also, while it is steeped in Eastern colours, bears the signs of ripe scholarship, and though some mannerisms may displease a fastidious taste, all who read to be informed as well as to be amused will consult his narrative of rare enterprises and curious adventures.

ART. VIII.—*A Copy of a Despatch to the Government of India, on the subject of General Education in India.* Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated July 18, 1854.

It is undoubtedly pleasant to find the Court of Directors of the East India Company, in whose hands, by a recent Act of Parliament, the Government of India has once more been placed, sensible of the responsibility which such a trust involves, and, professedly at least, disposed to 'the adoption of such improvements as may be best calculated to secure the ultimate benefit of the people' committed to their charge. We do not adopt this qualified tone of commendation, either because we indulge in suspicions ourselves, or because we wish to cherish suspicions in our readers; on the contrary, we give the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control, on the suggestion of which latter body more particularly it is well understood the measure before us has been adopted, full credit for good intentions; and we congratulate them on their resolving at last to go so much farther in the direction of popular improvement than they have previously ventured.

The measure, or rather the series of measures sketched out in the present despatch, is in itself of sufficient importance to claim at least a passing notice from us, and it will be matter of surprise if, before we have done, we should not find something on which to animadvert; but we can truly say that we approach the document in no captious or censorious spirit, and that, if we are constrained to find fault, it must be ascribed, not to the irritability of our temper, but to the necessary influence of our principles.

It is not now absolutely for the first time that the attention of the Government of India has been directed to the subject of education, but the plans now proposed are much more extensive and complete than hitherto. We shall briefly indicate the principal points.

1. The most prominent part of the scheme consists in the institution of universities, in accordance with a proposal made some years ago by the Council of Education in Calcutta, but at that time not acceded to by the Court of Directors. They acknowledge their conviction that 'the time has now arrived for the establishment of universities in India, which may encourage a regular and liberal course of education, by conferring academical degrees as evidences of attainment in the different branches of art and science, and by adding marks of honour for those who may desire to compete for honorary distinction.' Universities are forthwith

to be established at Calcutta and Bombay, and hereafter at Madras, and any other points where a sufficient number of pupils is likely to present themselves. The model of these institutions is to be, with some variations, the University of London.

2. After this provision for a liberal education of the higher classes, follows the promotion of what may be strictly termed popular education. We use here the very words of the despatch.

‘Our attention should now be directed to a consideration, if possible, still more important, and one which has been hitherto, we are bound to admit, too much neglected; namely, how useful and practical knowledge, suited to every station in life, may be best conveyed to the great mass of the people, who are utterly incapable of obtaining any education worthy of the name by their own unaided efforts; and we desire to see the active measures of Government more especially directed, for the future, to this object, for the attainment of which we are ready to sanction a considerable increase of expenditure.’—Despatch, par. 41.

The Directors proceed to say most justly, that ‘schools whose object should be, not to train highly a few youths, but to provide opportunities for the acquisition of such an improved education as will make those who possess it more useful members of society, in any condition of life, should exist in every district in India,’ and they propose to encourage the formation of such schools by two methods. First, by the institution of collegiate scholarships, which would be attainable as rewards of merit. Secondly, by the pecuniary resources of the government, combined with a system of grants in aid after the manner of the Committee of Council in England, with the liberality of private individuals, and the weekly payments of the pupils. On this subject we make no remark now, but we shall return to it.

3. In the order of educational measures, the preparation of teachers naturally follows. This, of course, is to be effected by the establishment of normal schools, after the manner of England and the Committee of Council; and ‘by giving to persons who possess an aptness for teaching, as well as the requisite standard of acquirements, and who are willing to devote themselves to the profession of schoolmaster, moderate monthly allowances for their support during the time which it may be necessary for them to pass in normal schools or classes, in order to acquire the necessary training.’

4. The next item, which is certainly ‘equal in importance to the training of schoolmasters,’ is the provision of vernacular schoolbooks. For this purpose the best translations of particular books, or the best elementary treatises in specified languages, are to be advertised for and rewarded; the object being, ‘not to translate European works into the words and idioms of the native languages, but so to combine the substance of European

knowledge with native forms of thought and sentiment as to render the school-books useful and attractive.'

5. Last in the series appear what may be called professional institutions, or colleges for teaching specific arts and sciences, as law, medicine, and engineering, for example.

Such, in a few words, is the extended scheme of educational measures, now about to be carried into effect by the government of British India. The only part of it on which we feel disposed to make any remark is that which contemplates the extension to this vast dependency of the British Crown of the system of 'grants in aid' to elementary schools, out of the public funds, as adopted by the Committee of Council on Education in this country; we think this, however, so grave a matter, that we request for the observations we offer very serious attention.

The mode in which the adoption of this system suggested itself to the Court of Directors—or, at all events, to the framers of the despatch—is clearly indicated by the following paragraph:—

'When we consider the vast population of British India, and the sums which are now expended upon educational efforts, which, however successful in themselves, have reached but an insignificant number of those who are of a proper age to receive school instruction, we cannot but be impressed with the almost insuperable difficulties which would attend such an extension of the present system of education by means of colleges and schools entirely supported at the cost of Government, as might be hoped to supply, in any reasonable time, so gigantic a deficiency, and to provide adequate means for setting on foot such a system as we have described, and desire to see established.'—*Ib.* par. 48.

It seems, then, that but for the enormous and impracticable cost of it, the Court of Directors would really have gone about to establish an entire system of elementary schools throughout India at the expense of the Government. And this is quite in unison with the theory which is propounded at the commencement of the despatch. 'It is one of our most sacred duties,' say the Directors, 'to be the means, as far as in us lies, of conferring upon the natives of India those vast moral and material blessings which flow from the general diffusion of useful knowledge.' As a portion of the philosophy of government, this is, in our opinion, entirely untrue. The education of children is in India, as it is everywhere else, primarily the duty of parents, and it is a duty which no government can, either with right or with wisdom, take out of their hands. It is matter of chagrin to see how incurably blind generally enlightened and far-seeing men are in this respect, and how some dozen merchants are no sooner made governors of a country, than they immediately fancy that to be 'one of their most sacred duties' with which, as

governors, they have nothing on earth to do. What an excellent opportunity would the framing of this despatch have afforded for a few sentences of truly philosophical wisdom on this interesting subject! How admirably it might have commenced with an acknowledgment of that arrangement of Divine will and wisdom by which the education of children has been placed in the hands of those who love them best, with an expression of regret that this arrangement was turned to so small advantage, and a desire to adopt such means, and such means only, as might tend to awaken natural energies, so deeply slumbering but not extinct, to the work for which they are destined. Then, practically, we should have heard of the parents being stimulated to exertion, and the Government doing something to help them; as it is, we have the Government going forth to a labour which it wrongfully claims as its own, and when it breaks down under the pecuniary burden, asking for help from the parents of the children! Might it not be retorted on them—‘O no! if it be your duty, do it. You are rich enough; at all events, you are much richer than we are.’

The system of grants in aid of elementary schools in India would seem at the first glance to be open to an objection of a practical kind, arising from its implication of the Government in religious teaching. This, it is well known, is one of the grounds on which grants in aid, as distributed by the Committee of Council in our own country, are strenuously objected to—namely, that they practically make the Government a teacher of religion, which it ought not to be, and worse, a teacher of various and contradictory religions, which it cannot be, without not only injustice but absurdity. And the case is still stronger in India than it is in England. There, it is true, we have Christianity and Judaism, Romanism and Protestantism, Evangelism and Socinianism, with a variety of other *isms*, all putting their fingers into the same purse; but in India, to probably all these are to be added Mohammedanism and paganism, the latter in a thousand forms, each more gross and abominable than the other. Yet the grants in aid are to be made to ALL schools of a satisfactory grade of secular instruction. Can it be this Babel of instruction which a British—and to allow ourselves for once a latitude in the use of words which we usually avoid—a Christian Government is about to dignify and consolidate by the sanction and the pay of the State? The Court of Directors say no, and endeavour to evade this obvious difficulty by saying, ‘O! we will have nothing to do with religion, be it Christian or Moslem, Buddhist or Hindoo.’ This last particular is stated in the despatch in unequivocal terms. ‘The system of grants in aid which we propose to establish in India will be based on an entire abstinence

from interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools assisted.' 'Very well,' we think we hear some one saying, 'that is liberal and fair, and what can you desire more?' We ask, in reply, if our monitor be not too impatient to hear us, whether by grants in aid so administered the Government does not *in fact* uphold the teaching of religion also, and of any religion which may happen to be taught in the assisted schools? The only answer to be given to this question, so far as we understand the case is, that the grant in aid is to be put to the account of the secular instruction given, and of that exclusively. Now, we submit that this, however honestly intended, is nothing better than a piece of glittering jugglery. The money may be given for the secular instruction exclusively, but, when given, it supports the entire school, with all that it teaches, secular and religious, and as effectually helps the dissemination of the one kind of knowledge as of the other. The allegation reminds us of a case in which some wealthy and benevolent Quaker (we use the term without disrespect) is applied to for a donation towards erecting a dissenting chapel; and at once to show his courtesy and save his principles, he says, 'Friend, thee knows we do not subscribe to chapels, but there are five pounds towards pulling down the old one.' Or perhaps (to bring a case more closely parallel) he asks, 'Hast thee a school?' If the answer be happily in the affirmative, the knot is untied. 'There are five pounds for thy school-room, but remember I give thee nothing for thy chapel.' These somewhat excessive refinements of morality are well understood, and generally pass with a smile; but is the case essentially different, or any more easy to be reconciled with strict and simple-minded integrity, when you say to a schoolmaster who teaches both physics and religion, 'I give you money for the secular instruction, but none for the religious?' 'Do as you please,' the teacher may well reply, 'in either way you support the school in a manner equally effectual.'

To show how mere an evasion is the proposal to make grants for secular instruction exclusively, let the same experiment be tried by effecting a division between the various parts of secular instruction itself. Suppose, for example, that one should say to the teacher or patrons of a school, 'I will subscribe towards your teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but I will give nothing towards your teaching of geography and astronomy;' would not the thing be universally pronounced ludicrously absurd? The money contributed would, of course, go into the common school fund, and by supporting the school itself, would as truly support all that was taught there as if it had been specifically designated for that purpose.

It is to be observed, also, that in the case before us, the grants

in aid will constitute precisely that portion of the school funds by which the existence of the schools themselves will be rendered possible. The Government scheme is designed to promote the efficiency of existing schools, and, on a great scale, the creation of new ones. The grants in aid are to be the vital and germinating principle of the system. Now let it be observed what the effect of this will be on existing indigenous schools. At present these establishments are, to a considerable and increasing extent, experiencing a competition with superior schools of foreign origin, which present greater secular advantages, for the most part connected with protestant religious instruction, and under the influence of evangelical missionaries. The multiplication and growth of schools of the latter class, which, although it may not be rapid, is sure, necessarily entails the gradual diminution and decay of the former, a change of infinite value for the country, and brought about by the tranquil operation of inoffensive causes. This salutary process the new scheme of the Government will directly tend to impede and arrest. All schools—that is, schools of every name and description of paganism, are to be in the most rapid manner qualified to impart the best secular instruction, and to be supported in doing so by the public money; and thus will a host of establishments, not only effete but pernicious, be at once revived, consolidated, and made perpetual—forbidden to die out as seats of polluting religious instruction, because the patronage of the government sustains them as places of secular learning.

To this mischievous embalming of the old schools, must be added the equal, perhaps greater, mischief of the creation of new ones, which but for the grants in aid would never exist. The proffer of such a grant by the Government is to be the first step, and an appeal to local benevolence is to be founded upon it, so that the Government is the prime mover, and the grant the principal moving power. And yet the Government is not to be held responsible for the immense amount of religious teaching which will thus be brought into activity, because they provide funds only for secular instruction! A pretty juggle this, by which, if our statesmen themselves are blinded—as perhaps they are, though we are not sure of it—we cannot believe the straightforward people of England will be. The plain fact is, however unwilling men in power may be to acknowledge it, that the grants in aid are to be for the support of all schools, let them teach what religion they may, and therefore for the support of all the religions taught in them, let them be what they may.

Indeed, the case is much worse than this; for, under the grant in aid system, the Government will not only become a teacher of religion, and of all religions, but to a large extent, and for the most part, a teacher of paganism. It is certainly true that there

are in India some efficient and highly valuable christian schools, but these are few as compared with the indigenous schools which now exist ; and when indigenous schools shall be multiplied, as is expected under the forcing apparatus which is to be applied to them, the christian schools, whatever may be the amount of *their* increase, will inevitably, in comparison, be fewer still. Thus, for the sake of disseminating instruction in secular knowledge, will the Government actually create and set in motion a vast and widely extended machinery for imbuing the minds of the rising population of India more deeply than ever with idolatrous notions and habits.

Nor can the idea of Government sanction to all that is taught in the schools be separated from the fact of a Government grant to the school itself. It pleases some persons to amuse themselves with a notion that so discriminating a people as the Hindoos, and one so peculiarly mindful of truth, would recognise and lay stress on the distinction, that, although the Government certainly did acknowledge the excellency of the secular instruction given at the school, and make a grant of public money on account of it, yet it did not patronize or sanction the school as a whole, and particularly not its religious instruction. We cannot share this fond imagination ; especially after the experience we have had of the use made of British interference at the temples, which was quite as little intended to give the sanction of Government to the worship as grants in aid would be to give a similar sanction to the schools.

There is, however, a fallacy in the statement that 'the system of grants in aid which it is proposed to establish in India will be based on an entire abstinence from interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools.' As to direct interference, this assertion is, no doubt, intended to be true, and will be true in fact ; but there will be an indirect interference by which it will be substantially vitiated. Near the commencement of their despatch, the Directors express themselves as follows :—

'Before proceeding further, we must emphatically declare that the education which we desire to see extended in India is that which has for its object the diffusion of the improved arts, science, philosophy, and literature of Europe ; in short, of European knowledge.

'The systems of science and philosophy which form the learning of the East abound with grave errors, and Eastern literature is at best very deficient as regards all modern discovery and improvements ; Asiatic learning, therefore, however widely diffused, would but little advance our object.'—*Ib.* par. 7, 8.

Far indeed are we from disputing the justice of the distinction here made, or the wisdom, and even necessity of the principle so emphatically laid down ; what we wish to observe is, that 'European science and philosophy' are in their tendency sub-

versive of Hindoo religion. This is sufficiently notorious, we imagine, to be admitted by all parties without proof; but we may avail ourselves, nevertheless, of an express acknowledgment of it by the Rev. W. Arthur, one of the secretaries of the Methodist Missionary Society. In a letter on this subject to Mr. E. Baines, which appeared in the 'Leeds Mercury' of the 21st of October last, Mr. Arthur thus expresses himself:—

'Another point overlooked in your letter is, that the Government will only extend its inspection and its grants in aid to schools which adopt approved school books. Did they leave the old system undisturbed, your objections would tell with force, but the fact that they will supersede the old books by new ones, not only innocent but useful, is one to which many who know India well, and love it much, look with strong hopes. A Geography and a Purana cannot stand together; and I say without hesitation, though with great deference to any one who forms a different opinion, that no village master capable of teaching such books as only the Government can approve, will have either time or inclination for teaching the Puranas. To prepare for inspection in solid knowledge will occupy him and his pupils too much to leave room for Puranas. Every lesson in European knowledge which villagers get in their own tongue, will lessen their respect for the traditions of their country, and prepare them to hail and to sympathize with missionary books.'

Here is the testimony of a most competent witness, that 'a Geography and a Purana cannot stand together,' and that 'every lesson in European knowledge which villagers get in their own tongue, will lessen their respect for the traditions of their country, and prepare them to hail and to sympathize with missionary books;' and it is for this reason that 'many who know India well, and love it much,' look to the Government measure 'with strong hopes.' And all this concerning a measure, the essential characteristic of which is declared by its authors to be, that it 'is based on an entire abstinence from all interference with the religious instruction conveyed in the schools.' It is plain that the Honourable the Court of Directors and the Rev. William Arthur do not look at this measure from the same point of view. They, honest and honourable, but not very discerning gentlemen, think to teach European knowledge without interfering with puranic instruction; he, clear-headed man, sees plainly that 'a Geography and a Purana cannot stand together,' and rejoices in what the Government are doing because it is adapted, in course of time, to undermine the whole system of Hindooism. But now, gentlemen of the Honourable Court, let us ask you what you really mean, and whether this tendency of your measure, which of course you have not perceived, is in your judgments a recommendation of it? It is now clear that what you intended to do you cannot do—that is, teach European secular knowledge without interfering with Hindooism; are you prepared to do

what you have not intended—that is, to make a disguised attack on Hindooism itself, and under false professions to assail the religious notions of the people you govern?

If, after making these remarks, we should be asked whether we think the existing state of education in India sufficiently satisfactory to be left as it is, and whether we would really stay the hand now stretched out for its improvement, we have no hesitation in answering the former of these questions in the negative, and the latter in the affirmative. Doubtless India wants an improved popular education; but we would not have this directly attempted by the Government. In truth, the effort now made bears upon its very face an argument against itself. For in attempting the improvement of popular education in India, the Government begins by cutting it in two—we might say, by mangling it. Forced to act upon the principle that Government should not teach religion, it throws the religious part of education overboard, and takes up the secular, thus, in its very aim at improvement, leaving one-half of education in all its present inferiority. And not only so; the half thus abandoned is the more important half, and this immeasurably. If there be any respect in which popular education in India cries out more loudly for improvement, it is in the religious portion of it, and whoever among its would-be reformers cannot touch this, had better leave the whole alone. Spiritual and eternal interests far outweigh secular and temporal ones. Little indeed is done for the indigenous schools of India unless they can be made fountains of religious truth and beneficial moral influence; and tending, as all merely secular improvement must, to perpetuate the religious state of the schools as it is, this little were better left undone.

But how and by whom can the requisite improvement be effected? By christian benevolence and missionary zeal; a power, indeed, without the high prestige and boundless resources of the Government, but one by no means feeble or unprepared. It has this great qualification for its task, that it can take a right aim, and comprehend in its view the whole object to be attained, so that all educational improvements effected by its means shall include both the secular and the religious. Amidst many discouragements and difficulties, and even under the long-continued ban of the Government, which is now constrained to caress it, it has done much; the range of its action and the rate of its progress are both on the increase; and its successes are won by influences, not only innocuous and safe, but in all respects salutary and beneficial. It has this great advantage also, that it embraces the parents as well as the children, the preaching of the Gospel providing converted fathers and mothers, for whom such schools will have an indispensable value, while children educated at them will be qualified to take back to their heathen

parents an inestimable treasure of renovating truth. The Court of Directors and philosophical educationists, perhaps, may think a process to be effected by such an instrumentality very slow, and may be too much in a hurry to get the population of India educated to be content with it; they should not, however, quite ignore the maxim of their school days, *festina lente*, nor forget that there still may be cases to which it is wisely applicable. It may be better to have a little work well done than to have much done badly, and the best hopes of the future marred in the doing of it.

We have said that Christian benevolence and missionary zeal are not unprepared for their duty. We should heartily rejoice if we could say with as little misgiving that all the devoted men in the missionary field saw their way as clearly as we do to the rejection of the tempting, but treacherous aid now proffered to them by the Government. We are aware, however, that this is not the fact; nor is it to be wondered at that a diversity of opinion which exists so extensively at home should have its corresponding element abroad. It is possible also, that those on the spot, acquiring the most impressive views of the magnitude of the work, may be more powerfully affected than persons at home by the prospect of enlarged usefulness which ampler funds would open to them. It is certain, however, that a spirit of rivalry between the agents of the various missionary bodies co-operates in cherishing a desire to partake of the Government grants, no one being willing to be, on such a ground, outrun by his fellow-labourers. This last consideration is unworthy of serious regard, and should give place at once to the consistent operation of enlightened principle. On this ground we know that some of the missionaries have already taken a firm stand, willing to relinquish all pecuniary advantages which may thus be withheld from them, and we doubt not they will have their reward. The practical course of missionaries who are of a different opinion from them will doubtless be determined by that of the societies whose agents they are. Upon this point the interest of public attention has been concentrated on the London and the Baptist Missionary Societies, the only ones we believe, which, on principle, repudiate Government aid for religious purposes. Before the former of these bodies, the subject was promptly brought by Mr. Edward Baines, in a letter to the Directors, and laid before the public in the 'Leeds Mercury' of October 7, and as promptly did the Board of Directors dispose of it. At the quarterly meeting of that body, then immediately ensuing, a resolution was unanimously adopted, to the effect that the principle on which the Society had always acted—that, namely, of accepting no money from Government for the support of missionary operations—should still be strictly adhered to, and

no educational grants be received for mission schools. The action of the Baptist Missionary Society, although less prompt, has been in the end no less satisfactory. Delayed somewhat by the consideration due to a proposition made by Mr. John Marshman, that, in relation to educational grants, each missionary should be free to act according to his own opinion, it was not until the 10th of January that the committee arrived at a decision of the important question before them; but that decision, we are happy to say, is identical in its import, and almost so in its terms, with that of the London Missionary Society, thus placing the labourers of both societies in India in perfect harmony. We cannot doubt that the course thus adopted, right as we believe it in principle, will be highly satisfactory to the supporters at large of these noble and important institutions.

What degree of attention the subject we have thus briefly adverted to may hereafter occupy in Parliament we know not, Indian affairs being much less accessible in either House, generally speaking, than matters nearer home; but should it ever again engage the notice of honourable or right honourable legislators, we trust some voices at least will be heard in rebuke of this new blunder, and in vindication of sound principles of social advancement.

Brief Notices.

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Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A. Crown 8vo. pp. 503. 12s. 6d. Longman & Co. 1855.

ALL who know much of contemporary science and philosophy must be familiar with the name of our author, and need not be told that he

is a man accomplished and learned, free and fearless in his spirit of inquiry, and well endowed with faculties both of observation and criticism. Though a clergyman, he never allows his investigations to be interfered with by theological canons or bias. We presume that the manner in which he would connect, or rather separate, science and revelation would astonish not a few even of those who deem themselves independent of traditional orthodoxy. But we are not now concerned with the general position of Mr. Powell, nor his relations to revelation, but with the three valuable Essays which constitute the volume before us. These Essays, though different in objects and dates of composition, yet bear a sufficient relation to each other to give something like unity to the book.

The first, entitled 'The Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy,' consisting mainly of an amplification of a paper in the Oxford Ashmolean Memoirs, 1849, is an acute investigation of the principles and methods of philosophical reasoning. A partial clue to the author's bent and purpose may be afforded by the statement, that 'the subjects of the primary grounds of inductive reasoning, and the theory of causation, have long since appeared to me to be commonly involved in much confusion of thought, which has, as I think, been rather increased than diminished by some recent discussions, from which we might have hoped for greater enlightenment; and which appears to me to be the source of many unhappy difficulties and objections connected with the so-called doctrine of "final causes," and the evidences of natural theology generally;' and by the following expression of leading principle—'If there be any force in what has been advanced, then, instead of any primary or inherent principle,—any original element of the mind, enabling it to see the outward world blindfold,—any intuitive internal power to create external facts, any authority derived solely from the interior resources of pure reason to show us physical and material things without reference to the senses, or the like; the simple analysis of the case would lead us to the more sober belief that the source of inductive certainty, that certainty beyond the mere limits of sense, that superstructure larger than any foundation of facts, is accounted for by natural and acknowledged processes.'

The second Essay, 'The Unity or Plurality of Worlds,' has for its main theme the question recently agitated afresh of the existence or non-existence of a plurality of worlds. That question appears to Mr. Powell of small importance in itself; and he has discussed it chiefly in relation to the more general considerations with which it is connected. As to the debated point, he 'holds the balance between the two disputants,' and, in our opinion, shows a calmer mind and a more trustworthy judgment than either of them. He writes not as an advocate but as a judge, and indicates a clear conception of the real conditions of the question, and its varied bearings. We do not remember to have seen anything on the subject that did it more comprehensive and catholic justice. The manner in which facts are investigated, arguments weighed, the possible distinguished from the probable, and the probable from the certain, and the whole connected with important principles widely related to both science and religion,

commends the *Essay* as one of the best specimens of philosophical criticism with which we have met.

The third *Essay*, 'The Philosophy of Creation,' deals with 'the mode in which, and the secondary processes by means of which,' the existing natural world was established, the author feeling that after and notwithstanding recent discussions occasioned by the '*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*,' 'a more calm and philosophical analysis of the whole question was much needed.' In this essay he has aimed to 'supply in some measure a review of the general principles and grounds on which all speculations of the kind should be conducted, as well as to examine dispassionately into the alleged religious bearings of any theories by which some part of the steps and processes of creation might be explained.' He treats the subject 'in a purely inductive and scientific light;' keeps the real point, the development and transmutation of things, continually in view; calmly contemplates opposing arguments and apparently opposing facts; and valorously maintains the independence of all theories respecting the processes of creation as matters of pure inductive science.

Nothing can induce our author to go out of his own chosen province as a philosopher, except it be to resist and resent the interference of all foreign, however respectable, authorities. No wonder that he often comes into collision with favourite faiths and established doctrines. We are not prepared to follow him fully either in his scientific conclusions, or in the manner in which, and the extent to which, he separates philosophy and revelation. But we must decline the tempting theme. Meantime, we can safely say that the book is one of ripe and advanced thought, that it discusses deeply interesting subjects in a deeply interesting way, and that it may afford important hints and suggestions even to those who cannot accept all its teachings.

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1. *The Lion of Flanders; or, the Battle of the Golden Spurs.* By Hendrik Conscience. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 360. 2s. 6d. London: Lambert & Co.
 2. *Veva; or, the War of the Peasants.* An Historical Tale. By Hendrik Conscience. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 256. 2s. 6d. London: Lambert & Co.

THESE volumes are translated from the Flemish, and are to be followed by others, which will enable the English public to judge of the qualities of a writer extensively popular amongst his own countrymen. In our number for February last we introduced the '*Tales of Flemish Life*,' in terms of strong, but not unmerited, eulogy; and after having examined the volumes before us, we are prepared to abide by the verdict then pronounced. Hendrik Conscience has hitherto been little known in this country, and it is probable that the national costume of his works will prevent their becoming extensively popular. Should this be the case, the fact will be founded on other considerations than the intrinsic merit of the author. His productions bear a strong national character. Their parentage can never be thought English. They wear a foreign air. Their speech and their sentiments are foreign. Something

has to be done before an entire sympathy is established between the author and an English reader; but when once this is effected, the presence of many of the best qualities attaching to literature are recognised.

The former of the two works before us was published in 1838. Its subject is chosen from the heroic period of Flemish history, and the most distinguished of the chivalry and statesmen of France and Flanders are introduced. A striking contrast is exhibited between the brilliant chivalry of France and the unadorned leaders of the commerce of Flanders. In this respect, M. Conscience has pursued a much higher and more honorable course than most of our literati. Whilst doing full justice to the knights and nobles of the period, he does not exhibit the plain craftsmen of Flanders in ridiculous and contemptible lights. On the contrary, we see in the cloth-workers, butchers, and other guilds of Bruges, an intense patriotism, which calmly viewed and sagaciously provided for every danger that threatened their beloved fatherland. The character of Peter De Coninck, dean of the cloth-workers, is drawn with admirable skill and truthfulness; whilst that of his associate displays a courage which no peril could daunt, nor any temptation corrupt. 'Bold to rashness, yet docile as a child to the counsels of De Coninck, loving fighting for its own sake, but never striking a blow except in defence of right;—he and his brother butchers represent the sinew and strong right hand of the whole struggle.' The work is in strict keeping with historical truthfulness. 'The author,' as the English editor remarks, 'would make his readers feel what Flanders once was, what Flemings once dared to do.'

'The War of the Peasants' is less historical and more purely a fiction than the 'Lion of Flanders.' Its characters are imaginary, but the truthfulness of its general picture does not admit of question. The scene depicted is the struggle of the Flemings against the armies of the French Republic, and the period chosen consequently is the last decade of the eighteenth century. M. Conscience intensely sympathizes with all that is Flemish, and his work supplies a full-length portraiture of the atrocities perpetrated in the name of liberty on his countrymen. 'It is intended to give us a notion of the oppression and cruelties practised by the revolutionary agents. It shows us how simple peasants were stung to madness by a sense of intolerable wrong, and how they were goaded on to desperate and bloody reprisals.' Had our writers of fiction preserved the healthful tone which characterizes these volumes, they would not have been a proscribed class. Each of the tales may be read by the most modest without a blush, and by the most fastidious without scruple. The author is a Catholic, and the drapery of popery is consistently maintained. With this we find no fault. It was necessary to the accuracy of his sketch, and is vastly different from the partisan spirit and polemical aim which so eminently pervade the fiction recently published by Cardinal Wiseman.

Vindication of Luther against his recent English Assailants. Second Edition. Reprinted and enlarged from the Notes to 'The Mission of the Comforter.' By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 8vo. pp. 308. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THIS masterly defence of Luther ought to be circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a triumphant defence of the great Reformer against the aspersions which have recently been cast upon him by some English writers, amongst whom we regret to find the names of Mr. Hallam and Sir William Hamilton. The defence originally appeared in the form of a Note to the sermons on the 'Mission of the Comforter.' This extended note was enlarged and carefully revised by the author to within six pages of its close; and a better service, one more praiseworthy in its design, or more noble in its execution, was never rendered by an uninspired man. In addition to the misrepresentations of Mr. Hallam and Sir William Hamilton, those of Mr. Newman and Mr. Ward are passed under review in a spirit of rigid justice, which leaves nothing to be surmised, but closely sifts every particle of evidence. Extensive acquaintance with the writings of Luther, sound canons of criticism, fearlessness in the exposition of truth, honest rebuke of what is deemed partial, acrimonious, or one-sided, earnest advocacy of sound Protestantism, and a withering exposure of the pretences under which the revenues of Protestantism are retained whilst its leaders are foully aspersed, characterize the volume, and render it one of the ablest and most conclusive vindications of Luther ever produced. 'It seems desirable,' says Mr. Hare, and he has fully realized his purpose, 'not merely for the sake of historical justice, but with a view to checking and dispelling the delusions which have been so busily propagated of late years concerning the Reformation and its authors, that the charges brought against Luther, such at least as come from assailants of any mark, should be carefully scrutinized, and that their groundlessness should be thoroughly exposed.' That Messrs. Newman and Ward should be found amongst the assailants of Luther is no marvel, but that such men as Mr. Hallam and Sir W. Hamilton should dishonor themselves and bring their scholarship into question, by repeating the charges of embittered partisanship, and by relying on second-hand authorities, is matter for deep regret. These latter gentlemen owe much in the way of reparation to the memory of Luther, and we shall be glad to find that they avail themselves of the first opportunity which occurs to discharge the debt.

The Revised Liturgy of 1689; being the Book of Common Prayer, interleaved with the Alterations prepared for Convocation by the Royal Commissioners in the first year of the Reign of William and Mary. Edited from the Copy Printed by Order of the House of Commons. By John Taylor. Royal 8vo. pp. xviii., 78. London: Bagster & Sons.

THIS is a valuable and very interesting publication. To the ecclesiastical student it will be especially so. No class of readers, however,

is unconcerned in the information furnished, and it will be their own fault if benefit does not accrue from the disclosures which it makes. The English 'Book of Common Prayer' was drawn up under the superintendence principally of Cranmer, and was first published in 1549. Two years afterwards it was revised, with a view of removing whatever might seem, even by implication, to favor the tenets of the papacy. On the accession of Elizabeth, another revision took place of a totally different character, the object being to conciliate the adherents of the old religion. Minor alterations were made in 1604 and 1662; and on the accession of William III. a Commission, consisting of ten bishops, six deans, two Oxford and two Cambridge professors, four archdeacons, and six London clergy, was appointed to prepare, amongst other things, 'alterations of the liturgy and the canons with a view to the comprehension of Nonconformists.' This commission was issued on the 17th September, 1689, and its members continued to meet till November 13. Their work, however, was left incomplete, nor were their labors, so far as they had proceeded, laid before Convocation or reported to the public. On the 14th March, 1854, Mr. Heywood, M.P. for Lancashire, moved for a copy of the alterations agreed on by the commissioners, and a return in conformity with such motion was made. This return was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 2nd, 1854, and the present volume is edited from this copy, interleaved with the 'Book of Common Prayer' in general use, so as to show the precise alterations which were projected. We need say nothing more to show the value and interest which attaches to the publication. The alterations proposed were in many cases highly significant, and some of them are deeply suggestive. On a fitting occasion we shall not be disinclined to point attention to some of these, but at present we content ourselves with saying, that the volume should be carefully examined by all who are solicitous to purify the services of the Established Church; and that to those who are interested in the study of our ecclesiastical history, it will supply many suggestions of a highly significant and instructive order.

The Bible. What is it? Whence came it? How came it? Wherefore came it? How should we treat it? pp. 127. 1s. London: J. F. Shaw.

WE have read this small volume with very considerable pleasure, and hasten to introduce it to the favorable notice of our readers. It is evidently the production of an able, reflecting, and earnest man, who is keenly alive to the vast importance of his theme; clear in his own views of evangelical truth, yet free from the stereotyped forms in which that truth is too commonly exhibited. The canon of Scripture, its authority, its inspiration, its object, the rule of its interpretation, and the spirit in which it should be examined, are treated with a freedom and seriousness, which, while inviting the attention of all, repress every tendency to lightness and irreverence. This publication forms the first part of 'The Excelsior Library,' which is intended to consist of a

series of suggestive works on important topics. 'In preparing,' says the editor, 'this series, it will be a great object to give a comprehensive sketch of the subject discussed, so as to impress the reader with its facts and principles, and, if these prove interesting, to prepare the way for further study.' Should the future numbers be similar in merit to the one before us, 'The Excelsior Library' will be entitled to take very high rank amongst the serial publications of the day. It has our cordial good wishes, and is warmly commended to our readers. Number II. will be an 'Introduction to English Literature from Chaucer to Tennyson.'

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Vol. IV. Svo. pp. 694. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

OUR estimate of the historical writings of Sir Archibald Alison is on record. In noticing the former volumes of this work we have expressed at some length our judgment on them, and need not repeat it now. They are distinguished by two qualities, which in our view, detract greatly from their value. First, there is too much of disquisition, and too little of narrative; and secondly, the partisan temper of the writer is conspicuous throughout. The present volume passes over an eventful period, in which Irish politics, terminated by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, the monetary crisis of 1825, the fall of the Wellington administration, the passing of the Reform Bill, the French Revolution of 1830, the dismemberment of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, the abolition of the hereditary peerage of France, and the Polish struggle for nationality, are comprised. These are discussed after the author's usual manner, but always with a leaning, unfriendly in our judgment, to sound statesmanship and popular freedom. What we deem the faults of the work are special virtues in the judgment of some others, and this history therefore, like its predecessor, is sure to be a favorite with a large and wealthy section of our countrymen. Nor would we have it overlooked by more liberal politicians. There is safety in the collision of different creeds, and we are therefore always glad to find our friends comparing the statements of such writers as Sir Archibald Alison with others whom we deem more trustworthy and instructive.

Report of Twenty-one Years' Experience of the Dick Bequest for Elevating the Character and Position of the Parochial Schools and Schoolmasters in the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray, embracing an Exposition of the Design and Operation of the Parish School. Presented to the Trustees by Allan Menzies. Svo. pp. 478. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

ALL who are interested in popular education will do well to examine this volume. Its details are highly instructive, and will repay a very attentive perusal. The Trustees of the *Dick Bequest* have made two former reports, which, together with this volume, supply a large array of

facts bearing directly on one of the most important questions of the day. Those who are engaged in the work of tuition will find this volume a highly suggestive manual to which their attention may be advantageously given.

Evangelical Missions. A Discourse delivered on Wednesday Morning, April 23, 1855, in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, on the Sixty-third Anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society. By J. P. Mursell, of Leicester. London: Green. 1855.

It is not our custom to notice published sermons; for which rule their multitude would of itself furnish a sufficient justification. The sermon before us, however, induces us to make an exception to our custom; and we regret that we are compelled to insert our criticism in this department of the journal, instead of expatiating more widely on its contents. Mr. Mursell is well known as the successor of the greatest of modern preachers; and the sermon before us, though not exactly characteristic, is no unworthy exemplification of his powers as a preacher. It is not characteristic on two grounds. The first is, that it was a written discourse, and, therefore, at variance with Mr. Mursell's usual habit, as it was of his illustrious predecessor. Hence we miss that grand freedom and breadth which distinguishes his ordinary ministry. The second is, that his text (Isaiah vi. 6, 7, 8), is only taken as a motto; and the sermon is, in fact, an essay on the great theme which the preacher undertook. This occasions a want of that division and consecutiveness of topics which characterizes the conventional sermon, and gives to it what to the ordinary reader will perhaps appear a character of looseness and dislocation. This, however, is not without its precedents on similar occasions, an example of which is readily supplied by Foster's anniversary sermon for the same object on the text 'They came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.*' It commences with a condemnation of the utilitarian tendencies of the present age. From this theme the preacher goes on to insist on the doctrine denied by the utilitarians, of the radical depravity of human nature. He then develops, in a style of the loftiest eloquence, the great remedial system which 'creates all things new.' He vindicates the scheme of modern missions from the charge of innovation, and shows that this great evangelical enterprise is embraced within the very rudiments of the Christian dispensation. He meets the objections urged against the temporary paucity of its successes, and alludes with grave rebuke (we could wish that he had done it with that scathing irony of which he is so complete a master) to those frivolities in which men, whose talents we are compelled to respect, have exposed to ridicule the labours of Christian missionaries. His descriptions of the effect of the failure of the missionary enterprise on the powers of darkness, and of the influence of its success on the departed souls of the apostles, the glorious army of martyrs, the angels of heaven, the Great Redeemer, and the Divine Father himself, is a masterpiece of earnest, pathetic,

* An intelligent critic, who was present at the delivery of this discourse, once remarked to us, That it should have been preached to a congregation created for the purpose of hearing it.

and sublime oratory. This publication will show to strangers what Mr. Mursell is as a man, and we may well be pardoned if we say that it does not adequately represent him as a preacher.

The Roman Empire of the West. Four Lectures delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, in February 1855. By Richard Congreve, M.A. London: John W. Parker & Son.

THE most learned of our writers seem to recur practically to the Greek maxim, 'That a great book is a great evil,' and in the volume before us, as in the 'Hellas' of Friedrich Jacobs, which we recently noticed, the author has condensed the study of years into a few pages, and presented it in a form which will be found pleasantly readable and highly instructive. Mr. Congreve's lectures embrace the periods from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius, closing with the year of the Christian era 180; from Commodus to Constantine, embracing a period from that date to A.D. 324; from Constantine to Theodosius the First, A.D. 395; and from the division of the empire to the end of the Roman empire of the West, A.D. 476. The author has not introduced into his work any of those historical references which would substantiate his facts. He has, however, prefixed to each lecture a chronological table, which will greatly assist the student. The central point is of course the reign of Constantine, and in commencing this he speaks of 'his conversion and the consequent triumph of Christianity.' To both of these we should most seriously demur. But in spite of this preliminary statement, we apprehend that we may claim Mr. Congreve as a partisan. He represents him as balancing in his mind the probable supremacy of Roman paganism and of the rising religion. 'He abandoned the dead or dying paganism, and put himself and his empire under the shelter of the living and growing Christianity; and, whether himself Christian or not; as emperor he reaped for himself and his successors ample advantages from this policy. The Christian Church accepted with gratitude this release from its sufferings and immediate security, and for the present was content to give in exchange an unquestioning, unresisting submission to the civil power.' We could have wished that Mr. Congreve had been more distinct, we had almost said more honest. What else could have been expected from the usurpation of a pagan and imperial power over the religion of Christ but the establishment of a purely secular hierarchy, which has in all subsequent ages torpedied the inherent energies of the Gospel, and cast its blighting shadow over the spiritual condition and the social prospects of mankind!

The Christ of History: an Argument grounded on the Facts of His Life on Earth. By John Young, M.A. pp. 270. Longmans. 1855.

THOSE who present old and familiar thoughts in a form to arrest and interest the mind are entitled to respect, but those who produce new thoughts in illustration and defence of important truths, should be especially honored as the benefactors of their race. Mr. Young

professes to do this; to furnish an argument, 'in its idea, certainly in its construction,' materially different from those by which his position has been usually supported. He thinks that 'the proper deity of Jesus Christ' demands a novel mode of reasoning—that 'accepted and familiar proofs may not have lost their strength, but they have lost their freshness, and they are wanting in adaptation to the peculiar intellectual culture and structure of the present age.' He does not specify the points wherein these proofs are out of keeping and dry: curiously enough, the only thing he does say is, 'that an excess of resources may prove, in certain cases, hardly less fatal than a palpable deficiency.' However, we accept his view of the case, and are quite prepared to admit that his sense of the need is just, and also his idea as to the mode of meeting it.

The substance of the argument is expressed in the following words:—'The Gospels contain the history of a life once actually spent on this earth. The writers relate *on the whole* what they saw and heard, and *on the whole* convey the impression which was left on their minds by a real living being. It is enough. This lowest standpoint is enough. Take only the earthly life of Christ, suppose only that in a broad general sense it is faithfully represented—behold only the *Man*—*He* shall indicate and demonstrate union with absolute Godhead. Such a *Humanity* as His is utterly inexplicable, except on the ground of true Divinity.' The reader will at once perceive that the author's task is plain and feasible—that his object is important—and that he makes no extravagant demand of preliminary concessions. His idea—that the earthly life of Christ proves his divinity, is wrought out in connexion with the *outer conditions of His life, His work among men, and His spiritual individuality*. We cannot say that the subject is exhausted, or that the conclusion might not be more precisely defined, or that parts of the reasoning do not admit of more discriminating thought and argumentative power: but we can safely declare the book to be a valuable addition to the literature which seeks to lay broadly the foundations of an intelligent Christian theology. The author is calm, serious, and candid; and writes as if his theme had relations to his own spiritual life, and as if he would fain bring it to bear on that of others. Many will rejoice, besides ourselves, that the once minister of Albion Chapel has found so worthy a sphere for those mental and moral qualities that made a pastorate of years a light and joy to them, and will desire that he may long fill it, and with growing delight and success.

Nine Days' Meditations on the Abuses of the Church of Rome. Written originally in Italian, by Alexander Borgia; and now translated, corrected, and enlarged by the Author. pp. 39. London: Partridge, Oakey, & Co. 1854.—The author writes with the zeal and indignation of one who not only believes he speaks the truth, but feels personally aggrieved by the

system he assails. He says many strong things, quotes some damaging passages of history, and adduces some relevant and forcible reasonings; but we can by no means endorse all his opinions, and cannot expect much fruit from his labour.

A School Compendium of Natural and Experimental Philosophy. By Richard Green Parker, A.M. A new Edition

improved. Thomas Allman & Son.—This manual contains a great mass of information on the various branches of science, carefully arranged, and clearly expressed, with exercises and questions well adapted to the purposes of application and impression.

A Guide to the Mythology, History, and Literature of Ancient Greece. By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. pp. 597. Norwich: Jarrold & Sons.—This is what it professes to be—only ‘a guide,’—but as a guide, it is most competent. Between sixteen and seventeen hundred questions and answers, historical, political, philosophical, religious, social, military, architectural, literary, with illustrative anecdotes, must serve as a pretty good introduction to ancient Greece. The author is well known as ‘a guide’ to other departments of knowledge, and his fame will lose nothing by this addition to his labours.

A Popular Harmony of the Bible, Historically and Chronologically arranged. By H. M. Wheeler. pp. 177. 5s. London: Longman & Co.—A good idea, well realized. Most persons not having access to large and learned books, and especially those engaged in communicating biblical knowledge to the young, must have felt the need here supplied. In addition to what the title will pre-

pare the reader to expect, there is much useful information of various kinds in the book.

Frederick the Great. By the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M.P. pp. 129. 1s. London: Longman & Co.—This is a reprint from Mr. Macaulay’s ‘Critical and Historical Essays.’ It forms No. LXXXV. of ‘The Traveller’s Library,’ and is well adapted to throw light on European history during the early part of the last century, and to stimulate further inquiries into the occurrences detailed. It is needless to say that the number is well suited to the series, and will prove richly remunerative to the reader.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by Robert Bell. Vol. V. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 254. 2s. 6d. London: J. W. Parker & Son.—Another volume of ‘the Father of English Poetry,’ containing the five books of ‘Troilus and Cryseyde,’ with an *Introduction*, which supplies within narrow limits the results of extensive and judicious research. The notes render an acceptable service to the general reader, on whose behalf we tender grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Bell. Such an edition has long been needed, and ought to be widely diffused.

Review of the Month.

LORD GROSVENOR HAS WITHDRAWN THE SUNDAY TRADING BILL. We unfeignedly regret this, and anticipate serious evils from it. In adverting to the measure last month we pointed out the fact that it was exclusively secular. This was distinctly admitted by Mr. Massey, in moving that the bill be committed that day three months. The grossest misrepresentations, however, have been made. Many who knew better, and who ought to have acted otherwise, have lent themselves to the most dishonest artifices, whilst those who were interested in Sunday trading have labored with a diligence and open-handedness, which were worthy of a better cause. Popular discontent was thus aroused, and at length serious and threatening demonstrations were made. In consequence of these Lord Grosvenor

on the 2nd withdrew his bill, affirming, however, that it was a measure 'not for the better observance of the Sabbath; it was a measure which interfered with no man's recreation, and with no man's religious convictions. It was a measure for the purpose of procuring as large an amount of holiday as possible for the hard-worked and over-taxed thousands of this metropolis.' It is deeply to be deplored that the noble lord gave way to the Hyde Park demonstration. A precedent has thus been set, the fruit of which may be most disastrous, and we much fear that the evil will not be corrected until consequences have resulted which it is painful to contemplate. If such demonstrations are to induce the legislature to abandon measures under consideration, there is no reason why they may not be resorted to in every case which affects the interests of numerous and active classes. Brute force is thus substituted for reason; fear is made to overlay intelligence; and selfishness, nay, brutality and vice, may become the determining force in our legislation. We perfectly agree with Mr. Roebuck in thinking it derogatory to the House that its deliberations should be arrested by a violent expression of popular feeling. It is not for the dignity of our senators, and certainly not for the wisdom of their measures, that such should be the case. We shall not be surprised to find a similar demonstration made against the *Beer Bill* of last year. Indications of this have been already furnished, and the authorities should be prepared with mildness but with decision to uphold the sanctity of law, and to protect our law-makers in the exercise of their undoubted rights. It was not to be expected that Lord Grosvenor should be willing single-handed to contend against the obloquy and clamor raised against him. We should have been glad to see that the Government was unequivocally with him, in a determination to protect his senatorial functions from the disgraceful violence by which they were assailed. A Commission has been appointed to inquire into the conduct of the police. That Commission is now sitting, and the evidence adduced goes certainly to prove that there was much intemperance and even ferocity in the conduct of some of the officials.

THE FATE OF THE RELIGIOUS WORSHIP BILL HAS BEEN WHAT WE EXPECTED. In our last number we reported that, after having passed through the Lower House without opposition, it had been referred by the Lords to a select committee, on which the noble mover of the bill declined to serve. On the 6th, the Earl of Derby proposed the second reading of the bill, as altered in committee, and was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury in distinct and emphatic opposition. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in accordance with the policy his grace usually pursues, recommended that both bills—the original and the amended—should be withdrawn. 'Let the law,' said his grace, 'stand as it has hitherto stood; it has never done much harm.' Lord Brougham warned the House against retaining on the statute-book these so called dead letters; and Lord Derby ultimately withdrew the amended bill with which he had been entrusted. Many members of the Established Church instantly took the alarm. A public meeting was convened, in which strong things were said, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, and the reluctant consent of the Conservative leader, moved on the 16th that the original bill, with certain alterations, should be recommitted. The measure has subsequently passed through its several stages in the Upper House, and we trust that those who have charge of it in the Commons will be duly alive to the dangers which there threaten it. That Lord Derby should lend himself to the selfish policy of the Bishops of Oxford and London is not to be wondered at, considering the exigencies of his position and the defectiveness of his judgment, but that such a measure can be effectually arrested in the Lower House is what we have yet to learn.

IN OUR LAST NUMBER WE REFERRED TO THE PARLIAMENTARY POSITION OF THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION, and what has occurred since has served to prove the hopelessness of carrying a measure for State education through the Legislature. On the 2nd, Sir John Pakington, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Milner Gibson withdrew their several bills; Lord John declaring that he contemplated an extension and improvement of the existing system rather than the introduction of a new one. He intimated his dissatisfaction with the administration of grants through the Committee of Council, remarking that, in his judgment, it would be better if the President of the Council were a Minister of Education, 'represented in the Commons by an official person holding the rank of Privy Councillor,' whose duty it would be 'to defend the measures adopted, and to explain the views of Government on the subject of Education.' After having abandoned the English Education Bill, the Government appear to have made a determined effort to carry through the Lord Advocate's Bill for Scotland. They succeeded in the Lower House, notwithstanding the strenuous and unflinching opposition of Mr. Hadfield, Mr Miall, and other advocates of voluntary education. The third reading was carried on the 12th by a majority of three only, and on the question being afterwards submitted 'that this bill do pass,' the motion was carried by 130 to 115. A different fate awaited the measure in the Upper House. For once the decision of their lordships was right, though we fear that the motives which determined the votes of many were far from being of the most enlightened and liberal order. The second reading of the bill was moved by the Duke of Argyll in a speech which urgently solicited the support of the peers. Their lordships, however, were evidently determined to throw out the measure, and in order, probably, to conceal their weakness, its supporters voted with the majority. The second reading was consequently rejected by a majority of 86 to 1. We trust our State educationists will see the folly of wasting their strength, as they have hitherto been doing. If concerned to advance the intelligence of the people, let their energies be directed to those practical measures which are within their reach, and the efficacy of which has been tested by experience. If they decline to do this, we shall deem their professions as dishonest as their principles are unsound.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE PRELATES AND CLERGY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY has been again convened, and its proceedings have been of such a character as to call for attentive consideration and vigorous action on the part of the constitutional authorities of the

realm. It is quite clear that a considerable number of the prelates are bent upon the revival of the synodical action of the Church,—thus making the Convocation a legislative estate co-ordinate with the Imperial Parliament. In so far as the success of this attempt is dependent upon the exercise of the royal prerogative, her Majesty occupies a position of weighty and painful responsibility. Nothing would tend more to alienate the respect and affection of the great body of the British people from the Crown than any such exercise of the prerogative as would increase the power of a Church whose hold upon the sympathies of the nation has, especially during the present generation, declined at a rate as rapid as was ever observed in connexion with any extensive social change. The movement originated by the tractarian bishops to effect this object is marked by all the sly jesuitry which characterizes the tractarian portion of the hierarchy. A committee was obtained last year to consider and report on Church Extension, and its members finding themselves an organized body, with a *locus standi* in the Convocation, resolved to avail themselves of their position, not for the purpose for which they were constituted, but for that of obtaining for the Convocation a regular and recognised organization as a legislative body. It will be remembered that this question had not only not been referred to them, but had been avoided by general consent in the very session in which the committee was appointed. With all the tricky manœuvring, and, we might add, the direct misrepresentation which appears in the Report, it may be doubted whether her Majesty's concession to Convocation of the powers for which the Puseyites are clamouring would not precipitate the destruction of the Establishment. The deliberations of the hierarchy, should they assume the importance of a legislative body, would attract the attention of the nation to a state of things which public opinion, even at its present temperature, will not suffer to continue. It would exhibit an ecclesiastical corporation enormously endowed for the purpose of unitedly promulgating and conserving certain great principles, split into jarring sects, propagating diametrically opposite doctrines, pervaded extensively by secular rapacity, and not less widely by a degree of ignorance and stolidity inconsistent with the entertainment of any principle whatever. That the nation, when thoroughly alive to the real state of the case, should permit its property, originally designed for the support of the protestant religion, to maintain, in exorbitant opulence, the betrayers of that faith and the promoters of a diluted and a disguised popery is not to be supposed. Should the Convocation become so important as to arouse public attention, it will make itself sufficiently mischievous to be disbanded, and the Church it represents will at length be disestablished by a solemn act of the legislature.

THE RESIGNATION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, viewed in connexion with the circumstances which led to it, is an instructive and even a memorable event. It appears that a proposition from the Austrian Minister, Count Buol, as to the limitation of the naval power of Russia in the Black Sea, obtained the consent, not only of the French nego-

tiator, but also of Lord John Russell, though clearly in opposition to the instructions of his Government. This came out in a statement from Count Buol, of which Mr. Milner Gibson availed himself, to demand an explanation of the strange difference of opinion which evidently subsisted between Lord John Russell and the Cabinet of which he was a member. This drew from the noble lord one of the most astounding revelations to which the House ever listened from a Cabinet Minister. He openly admitted the fact, which could no longer be denied. He declared that the statement of Count Buol was an accurate account of what he had done at Vienna, adding that he had *no instructions* which enabled him to agree to the proposed terms, and that he did not believe they would be accepted by his Government, but that, in his own opinion, they might be and ought to be accepted. 'And,' he continued, 'I said to Count Buol that I could assure him, and that he could convey that assurance to the Emperor of Austria, that I would lay the case before the Cabinet of this country; and that I would use my best endeavours to put these propositions in such a light that they might hope for their adoption. M. Drouyn de L'huys rendered a report to the Emperor of the French, stating the advantage of the terms to be such as I have described; but the Emperor would not accept his advice, and before he knew the decision of the English Government, he determined to change his Minister, and to reject the proposal of Austria, as not affording a sufficient foundation for peace.' This declaration from a Minister who continued to hold his place in the Cabinet, and even to recommend the vigorous prosecution of the war, was answered by an address from Mr. Cobden, which might be well compared to a sentence of death and forgetfulness upon a political culprit. A more solemn denunciation of political infidelity, and of its effect in destroying the confidence of the nation in their public men, and of the consequent damage to our representative institutions, was never heard within the walls of Parliament. Lord John had made a most determined attempt at political suicide, and Mr. Cobden put him out of his misery. To wield the scourge and command the inconceivable horrors and woes of war is at the best an undertaking of awful responsibility; but to apply the match to the artillery of a great nation with the avowed conviction that the contemplated destruction is unnecessary, is an act which need not be left to the *Peace Society* to condemn. Common humanity revolts against the destruction of our species, except under the most imminent and imperative necessity, and the adoption of this last terrific resource, without the full recognition of such a necessity, involves a depth of criminality which it is impossible to exaggerate. Lord John Russell has been mildly punished by the loss of his place, and of the political reputation of a life. A long career of vacillation has been crowned by an ignominious overthrow. Sir William Molesworth has been appointed to the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies;—a tardy recognition of his eminent fitness for the post, for which the Administrative Reform Association very naturally gets the chief credit. Sir William is succeeded in the office of Chief Commissioner of Woods

and Forests by Sir Benjamin Hall, and the vacancy thus occasioned at the Board of Health will not, it is understood, be filled up during the present session.

THE EPISCOPAL AND CAPITULAR ESTATES BILL HAS BEEN AGAIN ADJOURNED BY THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD. Considering the state of public business, and the number of amendments of which notice had been given, his lordship moved, on the 18th, that the order for going into committee on his bill should be discharged. In doing this, he made a statement respecting the income of certain chapters, which, from its importance, we are desirous of placing on permanent record. Whilst glad to have the subject ventilated through the medium of his lordship, we cannot regret the failure of his measure. It is honestly meant, but is most incomplete and one-sided. It is indeed impossible that a person with his lordship's views should do justice to such a theme. His measure falls far short of the evil to be corrected. He must go much deeper before he can extract from the ecclesiastical body the *virus* which exhausts its strength, and is threatening its life. Let his lordship, by all means, continue his labors. When the public mind has been duly prepared, others of larger and sounder views will arise to carry to their legitimate results the principles with which he is familiarizing us. But we must not forget his lordship's statement. It was as follows, and was given as a correction of his former words: 'In 1852 the gross income of the Chapter of Winchester Cathedral was £22,878, the net income was £18,085, and the grants for charities, &c., amounted to £1036. The gross income of the Chapter of Ely was £16,214, the net average income for the last seven years was £11,766; the grants for charities, &c., averaged for the last seven years about £600. The gross amount of income of Canterbury Cathedral for 1852 was £25,211, the net income was £20,972, and the amount of the grants was £1306. The gross amount of income of Durham Cathedral was £57,801, the net income was £47,304, the average amount of annual grants for the last seven years was about £2000. The gross amount of income of Westminster was £30,657, the net was £24,696, the average amount of annual grants was about £700.'

MR. SPOONER'S MOTION RESPECTING THE GRANT TO MAYNOOTH COLLEGE HAS BEEN MET WITH A DOGGED, NOT TO SAY FACTIOUS, OPPOSITION. The Catholic members of the House have evidently resolved to prevent any conclusion being arrived at, by talking against time. The forms of the House have been used for the purpose of delay until the most hopeful became despondent. We are glad, however, to report that, on the 20th, Mr. Spooner's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances under which, in the evidence before the Maynooth Commissioners, titles prohibited by law were allowed to be ascribed to Roman-catholic bishops; and also why some of the witnesses were permitted to make alterations in their evidence; and also into the circumstances connected with the alleged communication to Dr. Cullen of a portion of the evidence, the use he made of the information so received, and the person by whom the evidence was so furnished, was carried by a majority of 97 to 76. The

Government proffered a committee, but the form of the proposal was deemed seriously objectionable, and Mr. Spooner, therefore, persisted in his motion. We shall be glad to find that the Government profits by the intimation thus given. All parties need instruction on this point, and if those associated with Mr. Spooner become the agents of imparting it, we shall be unfeignedly thankful.

WE ARE GLAD TO FIND A GENERAL CONCURRENCE IN THE DISSENTERS MARRIAGE BILL, which having been carried through the Commons by Mr. Cheetham, has been committed to Lord Brougham in the Upper House. In moving the second reading of the bill on the 10th, his lordship remarked that it was rendered necessary by an error in the Act of 1852. The object of that act was to transfer from the bishops' court, the archdeacons' court, and the quarter sessions to the registrar-general, the registry and certificate of dissenting chapels. In pursuance of this object the Act declared that all registries and certificates by the bishop, archdeacon, and the quarter sessions should be absolutely null and void, and instituted in their stead a registry and a certificate by the registrar, adding, however, by a marvellous oversight, 'and such certificate shall have the same force and effect with a certificate by the bishop, the archdeacon, and the sessions.' Under this act no less than 6516 chapels had been registered and certified, and it consequently follows that social consequences of a very serious character are hazarded by the oversight mentioned. As Lord Brougham remarked 'under the Act passed in 1836, with respect to civil marriages and marriages in dissenting chapels, a marriage in a dissenting chapel was only valid, and the issue of that marriage legitimate, when the chapel was licensed; but it could not be licensed unless certified to have been registered, so that every one of these 6516 chapels were prevented from being legally licensed for the solemnization of marriages. But several hundreds, and, probably, all of those chapels, had been licensed, and the marriages that took place in them were null and void, as null and void as the certificates.' The Lord Chancellor expressed his entire concurrence in what had fallen from Lord Brougham, and the bill was read a second time without opposition.

THE CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION BILL IS GIVEN UP FOR THIS SESSION. It was brought in, as our readers will remember, shortly before Easter, and read a second time, about a month after, despite the opposition of the head of the Cabinet. It was then notified to the friends of the measure that the Government would not oppose its further progress, while some hope of assistance was encouraged. It was found, however, in effect, that a day would not be given, and after fruitless efforts to obtain this very ordinary concession, Sir W. Clay at length fixed the 12th of July for going into committee. On that day, the opposition prevented progress by talking against time; Mr. Lloyd Davies finally accomplishing the object of his party by dividing on the question of adjournment, and then repeating one point after another of preceding speakers, until the clock put a stop to further discussion. It was, however, still *possible* to reach the Lords, there being the chance of two consecutive days for getting into and through com-

mittee in time for the standing orders. On the first of these days the Government were known to be anxious for a count-out, and unusual efforts were accordingly made to secure a House. But it is no easy matter to keep forty members together for four hours while one of their number is merely wasting the time; and the patriotism of our friends, we regret to say it, did not in this instance prove equal to the infliction. Most undoubtedly they were wrong. Their absence on Tuesday compelled Sir W. Clay on Wednesday to move the discharge of the order for going into committee, and the bill is lost without the important advantage of a discussion in the Lords.

That it would have passed that House this year we do not now pretend to be sanguine of. But there were not wanting indications of the same unwillingness in the Peers to incur direct responsibility in the matter as was so distinctly observable in the Oxford bill of last session. The very vacillation of the Government is one such indication; the rushing into extremes by the Lords themselves when dealing with Lord Shaftesbury's bill is another. Others are commonly referred to, even more distinct, which it would probably be as difficult to prove as to deny. We entertain therefore no fear of the result. The Church-rate question has now reached a stage at which it is independent of the accidents of party tactics, and even the present delay has this useful consequence,—that the great principles which the passing of the Act will affirm, and which will constitute its main value, are becoming all the stronger, and the better adapted for further application than if we had succeeded without difficulty. No man who recollects the temper of the House of Commons in this country only two years ago can doubt this.

THE SLOW PROGRESS OF THE WAR INFECTS THE NATION with the heart sickness of hope deferred. Since we last recorded its progress there has been a constant alternation of attack and defence, of sortie and repulse, involving a serious sacrifice of life, but unattended with any conclusive results. One action, however, requires particular notice, if only for the terrible carnage it involved. This was the disastrous attack intended to have been simultaneous on the Malakhoff Tower on the part of the French, and on the Redan on the part of the English, on the 18th of June. This grand effort seems to have been frustrated by an accidental mistake. General Pelissier declares that in spite of the great difficulties of the ground, and of the obstacles accumulated by the enemy, and although the Russians, who had evidently been informed of the plans of the Allies, were prepared to repel the assault, the attack, had it been simultaneous, must have been successful. It was agreed that a rocket fired by the French should be the signal for the joint attack. Unfortunately, the burning fusee of a shell was mistaken by the English officer for the rocket, and accordingly he instantly commenced the assault. The result was disastrous. The English troops having been compelled to retire from the Redan, the guns of the latter fort were directed against the French attack, in addition to those of the Malakhoff, and from this double fire they were compelled to retreat. The French were in fact prematurely engaged, and consequently suffered the greater loss owing to the disengagement

of the forces of the Redan by the withdrawal of the British. The carnage on both sides was frightful, but the loss of the Russians out-numbered by thousands that of the English and the French together. Since the 18th of June no grand attack has been made on either of these formidable fortresses; several sorties have been repulsed with great loss to the enemy, and the works of both have been successfully carried forward to the very verge of the Russian defences, and the grand assault is expected to take place towards the close of July.

Meanwhile the interests of the Turkish empire on the east of the Black Sea have been placed in a critical position. A large Russian force is preparing to besiege Kars, the garrison of which is considered utterly inadequate to maintain the defence. A large reinforcement from Constantinople is consequently spoken of, though serious doubts are entertained whether the requisite force can be spared. It is broadly stated that the present and the last government have entirely and most culpably overlooked this aspect of the war, and that even our Indian possessions are threatened through this neglect. The unexpected death of the British Commander-in-chief, Lord Raglan, has deepened the gloom with which all humane men regard the horrors of this terrible war. Though his lordship had exceeded the allotted average of threescore and ten, yet as the disciple of Wellington for a period of twenty-six years, a wounded and mutilated veteran, and one of the heroes of Waterloo, he was appointed to the command of the British army, which was sent to oppose the Russian aggression upon Turkey. Lord Raglan, better known as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, was a younger son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, and was adopted at an early stage of his military career by the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, to whom he acted as military secretary throughout his Peninsular and subsequent campaigns. He was indeed the disciple and the shadow of the duke, and although the greater part of his military career was spent in recording the orders and the movements of his chief, yet he was the first to enter Badajoz, and received the sword of its commander—a service for which the highest military honours were conferred. At Waterloo he lost an arm, and in one of the most terrible actions in the Crimea, while a storm of bullets was raging around him as he was writing an order for his aid-de-camp, when besought by his staff to withdraw from such imminent danger, he calmly replied, 'Don't talk to me now, I am busy.' Having escaped a thousand bullets, the veteran died, it is said, of water in the chest, probably produced, or rather precipitated by the anxieties of his responsible position. His remains have been conveyed by the 'Caradoc' to Bristol, where they have been received and honored by that city with the utmost demonstrations of respect, and after the traditional ceremonies of the House of Beaufort, have been consigned to the mausoleum of that noble family. It is only a just tribute to the memory of the departed hero to say, that his military glory only exceeded that private gentleness and courtesy which made him the beloved associate of his staff, the admired commander of his troops, and the diplomatic general best qualified to sustain the

most friendly relations between his royal mistress and her allies. In this last respect it may perhaps yet be our lot to find, that 'we could have better spared a better man.' Her Majesty was foremost in her demonstrations of condolence to Lady Raglan, and a bill has passed both Houses, settling a handsome allowance upon her ladyship, Lord Raglan, and his heir.

During the occurrence of these events before Sebastopol, the operations of the allied fleets in the East have been far more successful. An expedition to the Sea of Azof has issued in the total destruction of all Russian vessels in those waters, and of provisions with which they were laden, estimated to support an army of a hundred thousand men for six months: while on shore they captured the town of Kertch, and effected the destruction of military stores and manufactories to an extent proportionate to that effected by sea; both of which important services were performed without the loss of a single man. In the Baltic, little has been effected; some vessels laden with grain have been seized; forty-six infernal machines have been found and removed near Cronstadt, off which the fleet is at the present time; and Lovisa in Finland has been bombarded, and the entire town destroyed. Meanwhile, the entire prospects of the war have been well nigh changed by a parliamentary division which threatened to turn out the Palmerston ministry, and to endanger the stability of our alliance with France. The ministerial proposal of a loan of £5,000,000 to Turkey, guaranteed by France, encountered an unexpected opposition founded on the proposed securities; and at a late hour, and in a comparatively thin house, the Government escaped annihilation by the narrow majority of *three*!

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